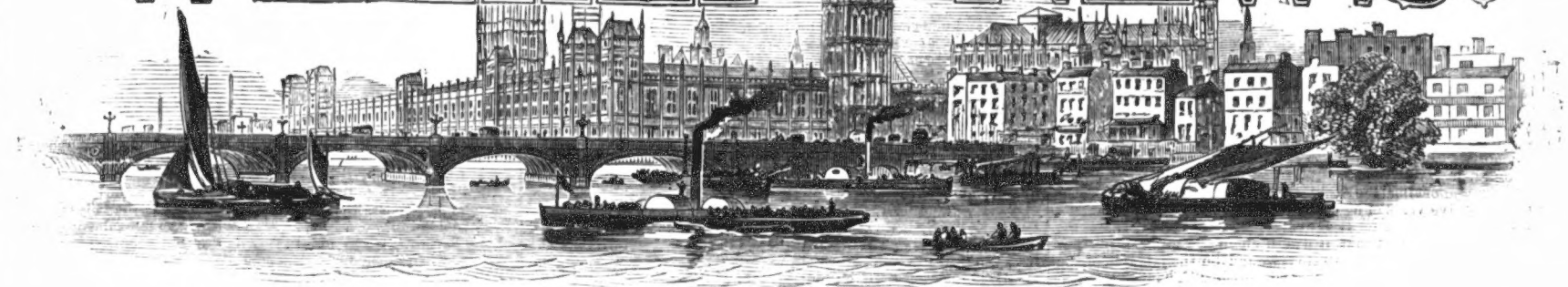


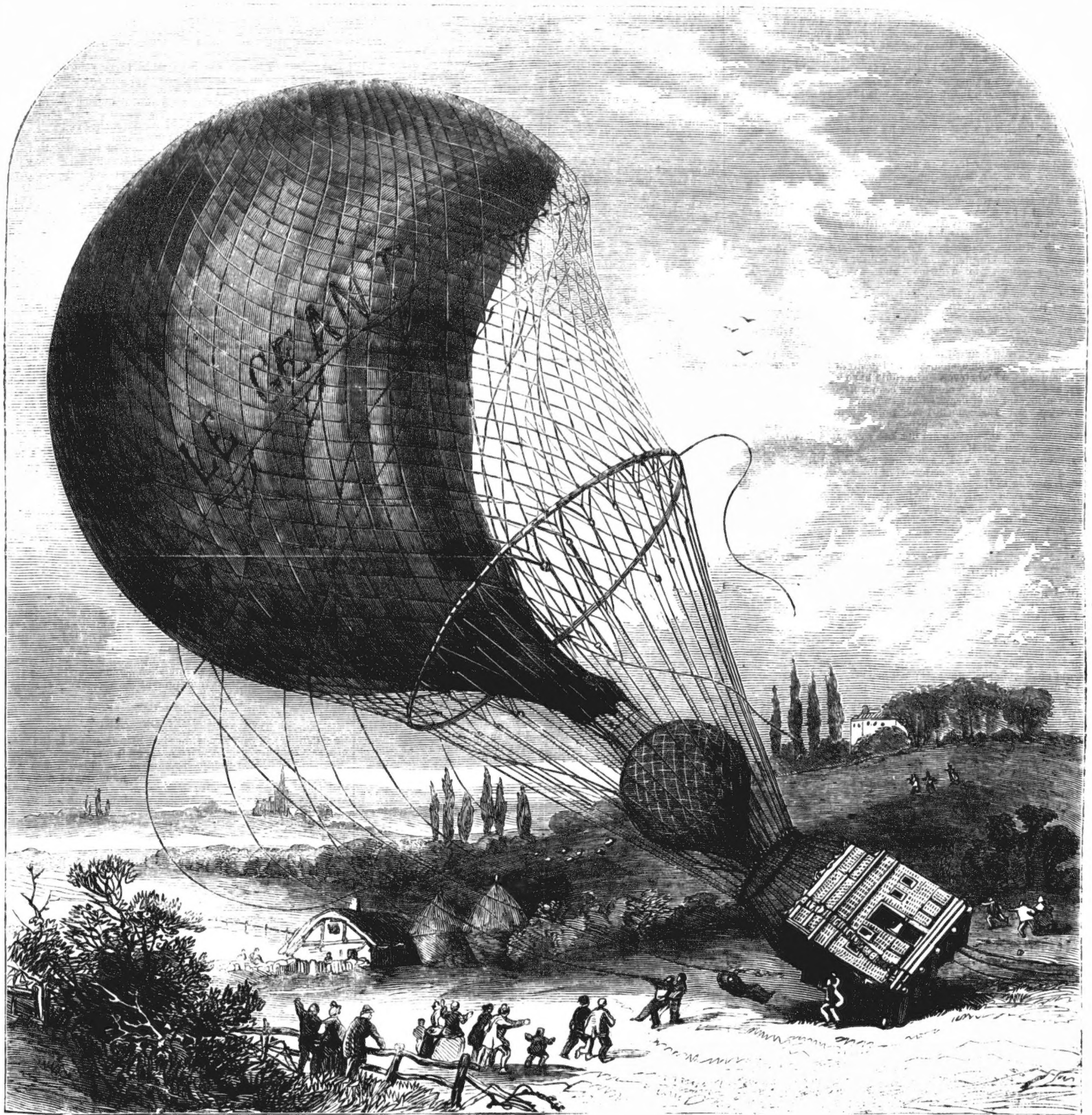
John Dick 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 20.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



ALARMING DESCENT OF M. NADAR'S MONSTER BALLOON, AND NARROW ESCAPE OF THE TRAVELLERS. (See page 307.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday night, riots took place in Silver-street, Golden-square, and the adjoining locality, in which several persons were seriously injured. It appears that during the past three Sundays several fights have taken place between the journeymen tailors and journeymen bakers. After the public-houses had been closed on Saturday night the factions met in Silver-street and a general fight took place, the tailors being the assailants. A few police-constables of the O Division, who had charge of the beat, endeavoured to restore order, but were severely maltreated by both parties, and a reinforcement was sent for to Vine-street Station. In a short time a body of twenty policemen arrived. Sergeant Smith and the constables acted with forbearance until they were assailed with great fury. Police-sergeant Smith, of the O Division and a constable were knocked down and brutally kicked and otherwise ill-used. Then the police used their truncheons, and seven of the ringleaders were captured and locked up in the Marlborough-mews Station, and in the afternoon six others, who had been engaged in the affray, were apprehended and lodged in the Vine-street Station. As it was expected that the rioting would be resumed after the public-houses closed on Sunday night, additional constables were placed on duty in the vicinity, and a strong reserve kept ready at Vine-street and Marlborough-mews Stations.

On Sunday morning the body of a young woman apparently about twenty-five years of age, was found in Sir George Duckett's canal, Victoria-park. A medical gentleman, Dr. Davey, examined the body, and considered that it had been in the water about ten days. He found a severe lacerated wound on the left side of the face, the eyes blackened, and the nose contused. The hands were also bruised, and a cord was tightly fastened around the neck. A bottle containing some medicine was found in the pocket of her dress, but no money, nor anything to lead to the immediate identification of the body. The prevalent opinion is that the woman had been murdered.

On Monday, Mr. Humphreys, coroner for East Middlesex, resumed an inquest at the Champion Tavern, Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road, upon the body of Mrs. Caroline James, aged forty-two years. The deceased was stated to have been a person of wealthy connexions, and the wife of a silk salesman, who has been, however, for six months in prison. She had nine children; the eldest was eighteen, and the youngest two years of age. Five of the girls earned from 8s. to 11s. a week; and the son, who was sixteen, earned 12s., but he had mortgaged the whole of that sum to get 10s. to stock a shop with confectionery. The rent of the shop, 37, Wellington-street, Bethnal-green, was 12s. a week, paid weekly. The failure of the shop reduced the family to extreme want. The deceased was without food, and was greatly emaciated. On Sunday week the neighbours got an order for the parish doctors to attend her, and the son of Dr. Moore, the district medical officer, attended, and advised her immediate removal to the infirmary. Mr. Christley, the relieving-officer, refused to do so, and said that he would take no orders from Mr. Moore, jun., as he was not the parish officer. Dr. Moore, on his return from his rounds, visited the woman, and gave the following order:—"Urgent. 17th October. I hereby certify that I have examined Caroline James, and found her in a delirious state, from privations and distress; and I advise that she should be immediately admitted into the infirmary. Signed, EDWARD MOORE, surgeon. To Messrs. Christley, Sadler, and Runciman, relieving-officers, Bethnal-green Workhouse." Mr. Sillett, salesman to a wine and spirit merchant, took that order to Mr. Christley, who abruptly said he would have nothing to do with the case, and when pressed for an answer ordered Mr. Sillett out of the house, and upon his keeping his legs in the doorway in order to get an answer, kicked him. The deceased was taken to her mother's house, and died on the following Wednesday. Dr. Unthank Wallace said that deceased was greatly emaciated. Death resulted from consumption, accelerated by want of food and care. The stomach and intestines presented no trace or remains of food whatever. She could have had no solid food for days, and for months she must have been suffering from want. Dr. Moore also said that deceased had suffered from long and severe starvation. Mr. Charles Christley, relieving officer, was then examined by Mr. Howard, solicitor, the clerk to the board of guardians. He said that he did not know deceased was other than a private patient of Mr. Moore, jun., when that gentleman's order was brought to him, and he did not attend to Dr. Moore's order subsequently, because he ascertained in the interim that the family were removing to Hackney parish, and that they had a vanload of goods. He then said, "Well, let the good woman be taken wherever the goods are going to." The jury returned a verdict of "Death from consumption, accelerated by want of food; and the jury find that great censure is due to the relieving officer of Bethnal-green."

MURDER IN WARWICKSHIRE.

The inquest on the body of Mr. Charles Plummer, who died through the savage treatment of two farm labourers, named Charles and Richard Beare, was resumed before the deputy-coroner for Central Warwickshire, on Saturday. Mr. Thomas Ricketts, farmer, said, on the previous Sunday evening he was walking in his fields, in company with his uncle (deceased), and saw two men in a field leading to Northend. His little terrier dog ran towards them, but did not attempt to bite them; but one made use of foul words, and witness told them to go on. Charles Beare asked witness what he had to do with it, to which he replied that he was the parish constable and owner of the field, and would have them taken up for being drunk and disorderly. Charles took off his coat, and was going to strike witness, but was held back by the other, who exclaimed, "No, you shan't strike." But Charles being the stronger, got away from him, and struck witness on the side of his head with his clenched fist. Deceased, being lame, carried a stick, and witness took it from him and knocked his assailant down. They had a struggle and in the end the stick broke. They both fell together, and while on the ground Richard Beare pulled his brother back, when the latter called out, "Why don't you go into him?" They both then struck and kicked witness, who succeeded in getting away to fetch assistance, leaving deceased, who took no part except in begging and praying the two Beares to desist. Meeting his cousin, William Ricketts, near the stile, he sent him to deceased, whilst he proceeded to Penny Compton for a constable. William Ricketts, the cousin, deposed that when he reached where Mr. Plummer was, he saw the two Beares, one trying to pull the other towards the stile, but when they saw him they ran away. About five or six yards from where he saw them he found deceased lying on his left side in a furrow. His face was covered with blood, and, in reply to witness, said he was very much hurt, and that he begged and prayed "them" or him, he could not say which, not to hurt him. The constable who apprehended the prisoners said when he did so he took them to Mr. Ricketts's house, and deceased, pointing to Charles, said, "It is the stiff one that kicked me." On the way to the lock-up, Richard said to Charles, "Well, I have said nothing about it, but now I will speak. You know, Charles, if you had been ruled by me, you would not have kicked the old man, and then we should not have been here." Charles replied, "I know that." The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Charles Beare, with a special finding, giving the brother the benefit of the doubt. The prisoners were, however, both committed subsequently on the capital charge by the magistrates.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

"Three weeks ago," says a Paris letter, "the steam transport Saone sailed from Cherbourg for Vera Cruz with 1,100 men on board. There was no adequate accommodation for the men, and they were berthed on the main and gun decks, the bare planks forming their sleeping quarters. The only protection against the weather was a horse blanket served out to each man. The Saone encountered foul weather across the Bay of Biscay, and had to put into Cadiz to mend her screw. The soldiers suffered fearfully; several had to be landed, the sick ward on board being unable to receive all the men invalided. Fortunately for these poor fellows, the Empress arrived at Cadiz before the Saone's repairs were completed, and determined to go on board. Her Majesty was perfectly horrorstruck at what she saw there. The men on the gun-deck especially were packed so close, appeared so thoroughly demoralized by their voyage—in fact, the whole scene brought all the traditional horrors of the 'middle passage' so vividly before her Majesty, that she immediately gave orders to the captain to have half the men landed. The captain objected that he was unfortunately under the orders of the Ministry of Marine, and could do nothing. The Empress thereupon sent a telegram to the Emperor, relating what she had seen; the telegram beginning, 'Sire, on traite vos soldats pire que des negres' (Sire, your soldiers are treated worse than negroes), and asking another vessel to be sent to take one-half of the men on board, as the Saone was a great deal too small to carry so large a number. In pursuance of this kindly intervention the Dryade has been sent out to Cadiz, and will take on board the men the Saone is unable to accommodate properly. In addition the Empress gave the officers in command of the troops 3,000*fr.*, with orders that it should be expended in giving them at least one good dinner before they sailed. One may imagine with what cheers her Majesty was greeted on leaving the vessel to return on board her yacht."

SPAIN.

A letter in *Galignani* contains the following details relative to the visit of the Empress of the French to the Queen of Spain:—"Her Majesty left Valencia at eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, accompanied by M. Birrot, French ambassador, and her suite; and it was nearly eleven at night when the royal train entered the station at Madrid. On arriving there the Empress found the King of Spain, who had come to receive her in great state, accompanied by the Infantes Don Francisco and Don Sebastian, and their several aides-de-camp and orderly officers. His Majesty entered a court carriage with the Empress, and proceeded to the palace, followed by the suite in other carriages. When the Empress and the King reached there, the guard paid the usual military honours, and when the Empress alighted from the carriage the band of the halberdiers played the Royal March. The palace was splendidly lighted up, and the halberdiers were drawn up on either side of the grand staircase. The Queen was in waiting, surrounded by her ministers, the officers of the palace, the ladies of honour, the gentlemen of the chamber, and a number of generals and high functionaries. The Empress had scarcely begun to ascend the staircase when the Queen came down to meet her. After making a profound salutation, the Empress and the Queen affectionately shook hands and inquired after each other's health. The Empress then ascended the staircase, leaning on the King's arm, and the Queen followed, talking to the Princess Anna Murat. The official and usual presentations afterwards took place in the reception-room. It was past midnight before the Empress was installed in the apartments prepared for her."

PRUSSIA.

The North German *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that M. Bismark has received a very interesting document, a sentence of death passed on him by the revolutionary committee. It arrived by post, and bore the postmark of Barcelona, and the date Oct. 17. On the left of the envelope is a death's head, and underneath is a black seal with initials, which cannot be deciphered. The writing is in the French language, and runs as follows:—"To his Excellency the President of the Ministers, M. Bismark-Schonhausen, Berlin.—The undersigned committee of the revolutionary propaganda have arraigned you before the tribunal. It has unanimously sentenced you to death, and fixed the first week in next month for the execution of this sentence. It is useless to attempt to avoid your fate, as the hand of vengeance will know how to reach you even at the altar. The committee do not consider it to be necessary to inform you of the motive which has induced it to take this step—you will find it in your conscience.—The Chief of the Committee, M. A. T. (Mort aux traîtres), the Secretary, KRYSINSKI MORELLI."

A Berlin letter of Oct. 22 says:—"The result of the primitive elections is by this time known to you, at least as far as the towns are concerned. The voters have been unusually numerous, and the triumph of the Liberal Constitutional party is undoubted. The Government may gain a few votes in the remote country districts, where it has the support of the feudal hobereaux, and is better able to make its influence felt than in the cities and towns, where even its own functionaries virtually defy the pressure it vainly would exercise. But I think you may rest assured that the next Chamber will have a compact Liberal Opposition of 300 members, and that the remaining fifty-two will by no means be all constant supporters of the present Government. A small compact minority is all that has been ever hoped for by the most sanguine of the Ministerialists, and were that obtained, M. von Bismark would doubtless present it exultingly to his Sovereign, as a proof that the nation was recovering its sanity, and as an earnest of better things to come. As it is, the Opposition press already registers a complete triumph, while the Ministerialists speak with bated breath."

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The *Tenby Observer* mentions a curious phenomenon which was observed in Carmarthen Bay on the 6th inst. the day on which the earthquake was felt in this country:—"From a base extending some three or four miles in the direction of Amroth Castle, an immense piece of water, of a dark brown colour, as if holding earth in solution, seemed to be pushed forward in the form of a cone, of course surrounded by water of a natural colour. As they came in contact the water was thrown up a height of several feet, the agitation extending round the whole edge of the phenomenon. It steadily advanced in the same form towards Monkstone, and thence some miles to sea, when we ceased to observe it. Some friends, in amusing themselves with fishing, were not a little startled by the strange sight. When the coloured water overtook the boat they found that the point of division between the colouring was maintained throughout the depth of the water; the boat was violently pitched about, and the water thrown completely over it. Either side of the line of contact was perfectly calm, and the water kept up a lashing noise, something like what would be made by an immense shoal of mackerel. It was observed first at about eleven a.m."

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, a retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by the physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 1, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

THE colonelcy of the 78th (Highland) Regiment of Foot, or Ross-shire Buffs, has become vacant by the death of General Macneil. The venerable general entered the army in the spring of 1808, and immediately entered on active service, as in the same year he joined his regiment on the Continent, under General Sir John Moore. He was in that brave general's retreat to Corunna, and subsequently took part in the Walcheren expedition. In 1813 and 1814 he served in Swedish Pomerania, and in Holland, and was present at Bergen-op-Zoom. He was also among the gallant army which served during the campaign of 1815, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. The late general was for many years lieutenant-colonel commanding the 78th Highlanders, and accompanied that distinguished regiment to India. After he had obtained the rank of major-general he was placed on the staff as commanding a division of the army in the Madras Presidency, where he served five years. General Macneil's commissions were dated as follows:—Ensign, March 17, 1808; lieutenant, May 9, 1809; captain, Dec. 1, 1814; major, Aug. 9, 1821; lieutenant-colonel, Jan. 22, 1825; colonel, Jan. 10, 1837; major-general, Nov. 9, 1846; lieutenant-general, June 20, 1854; and general, Dec. 21, 1862. He was appointed colonel of the 8th (the King's) Foot, in March, 1855, and was made colonel of the 78th (Highland) Regiment, June 3, 1860.

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THE directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company are at present having constructed, at their works at Stratford, a very luxurious and beautifully decorated railway carriage for the use of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when travelling to or from his seat at Sandringham, or upon other occasions when using his line of railway. It will contain three compartments, the retiring one being separate. The entire length of the interior is twenty-six feet, the width being eight feet. The centre saloon is eleven feet six inches long, and the two others seven feet three inches each. The height from the floor of the carriage to the ceiling is seven feet. In its construction every possible means has been taken to prevent unpleasant oscillation and deaden the sound. To accomplish the latter object, india-rubber cushion springs have been placed between the frame and body of the carriage, between the double floor of the carriage, and india-rubber rings for tearing the springs. The wheels are secured with Crupp's cast-steel tires and axles, the tires being secured by Beattie's patent, by which the wheels are prevented from running off the rails. The interior will be tastefully decorated and it is to be lined with blue coloured silk, and the handles and other furniture of the carriage will be of solid silver, designed to show the Prince of Wales's feathers. The exterior will be highly varnished, the top being ornamented, the colours employed being lake and gold. The Danish cross will extend at intervals throughout the whole length. The outside panels will contain the royal arms and the Order of the Garter. The carriage is constructed of mahogany, and will be of a light and pleasing appearance.

A LETTER from St. Nazaire states that a violent gale of wind was experienced on that coast on the 15th and 16th inst. All the seamen of that port consider the publishing of Admiral Fitzroy's despatches on the weather to be an enormous advantage to them. Even the slightest motion of the wind was accurately predicted by the admiral.

THE Museum of Natural History in Paris has received a male and female elephant about one year old, and a male and female camelopard, eighteen months old, sent as a present to the Emperor by the Viceroy of Egypt. The camelopards are very tall, and the coat of the female is grayer than that of the male, which is a bright bay. They are both remarkably tame. The elephants are not taller than young asses, but they are as lively and playful as kittens. They gallop and strike each other with their trunks, and when tired they lie down one beside the other. The Museum of Paris now possesses five elephants.

A VOLUNTEER Rifle Brigade has just been organized in New Jersey, United States. The men are armed with the Springfield rifle, and are instructed in the Hythe system of musketry. It is said that a detachment propose to enter the lists at the next Wimbledon meeting against one of the London regiments.

THE selection of a member to serve for West Worcestershire, in room of the late member, now called to the Upper House as Earl Beauchamp, took place on Monday, at Worcester. The Hon. F. Ligon, brother of the peer, was nominated by the Hon. W. Coventry, seconded by Mr. Cutler, and elected unanimously. Mr. Lygon returned thanks for the honour they had done him. Sir John Pakington also addressed the meeting, and congratulated the electors on their choice.

A BARBAROUS murder took place in the county of Tipperary on Saturday last. A farmer named Kelly, living near the town of Borrisokane, was found lying dead in a pool of blood a little way from the high road. His skull had been battered in with stones.

MANY of the fruit trees in the neighbourhood of Charlbury are now, for the second time, in full bloom, and several of the gardens exposed to a southern aspect present the appearance of the month of May rather than October.

EXECUTION OF A SPY.

SPENCER KELLOGG, the spy, has just been executed in the presence of a vast crowd of people. While seated in the "hack" waiting the perfecting of the arrangements, he conversed with the utmost nonchalance with Dr. Burrows, frequently smiling at some remark made either by himself or the minister. Arriving under the gallows, the condemned man, unaccompanied, mounted the scaffold. In a few moments Detective Capehart followed, and commenced to adjust the rope over the neck of the criminal, in which he assisted, all the while talking with the officer. On taking off his hat, to admit the noose over his head, he threw it on one side, and falling off the scaffold, it struck a gentleman beneath, when the prisoner turned quickly, and bowing, said, "Excuse me, sir." A negro came on the scaffold with a ladder, and proceeded to fasten the rope to the upper beam, the prisoner meanwhile regarding him with the greatest composure. The rope being fastened, the negro was in the act of coming down, when the prisoner, looking up at the rope, remarked, "This won't break my neck; 'tisn't more than a foot fall. Doctor, I wish you would come up and arrange this thing. I don't want to have a botch job of it!" The rope was then rearranged to his satisfaction, and the cloth cap placed over his head. The condemned man then bowed his head and engaged a few seconds in prayer, at the conclusion of which he raised himself, and standing perfectly erect, pronounced in a clear voice, "All ready!" He dropped fell, and the condemned man was launched into eternity. He struggled violently for about a second, the rope swaying to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. He had confessed his guilt. He had hired himself in the Confederate Engineer Corps at Island No. 10, for the purpose of gaining information for the benefit of the Federal Government, and he died with the conviction that he had furnished more valuable information in the character of a spy, to that Government than any ten men in the United States' service.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* Louisville, on the 6th of October, says:—

"There is a great deal of interesting news from Cumberland that we are not permitted to make according to the philosophy in which I have been educated would but strengthen the already mighty Government to the extent of the confidence of army is yet at Chattanooga, and for a few miles, thrown up a number of parallels for the defence, if attack. These have been completed with a view of auxiliaries to the naturally strong defensive position. The old rebel redoubts about the town have been extended, and, from all I can learn, the position army defending it, is not only impregnable against the rebels can make upon it, but that it is really in place that the rebels have no notion of making an even. The head-quarters of General Bragg, Georgia, and his troops are engaged in fortify 'ridge' for immediate defence or army protection. seems to be that the rebels, well aware of their in point twice ventured and twice lost, will leave their quietly, and aim to strike a blow in another quarter of Chattanooga is plain. The rebels, unfortunately have massed their great army in Northern Georgia risked too much, perhaps, to leave this point, and haps they would have been poorly elsewhere. General demonstrate in a few days—1, that he can hold that he has General Burnside and his own army operations; 3, that he has the largest and finest army States; 4, that he can envelop and destroy General if assisted properly; and 5, that he can threaten point on the Atlantic seaboard at pleasure. To this has been augmented. The rebels under Pegram, west of General Burnside's position, and have joined General Rosencrans in full communication with G and it is reported that the two chieftains have met at Cleveland. The Central Kentucky railroad Knoxville. The railroad from the last-named place will soon be in operation. Cars are running from Athens, Georgia, a distance of twenty miles, and repairing that portion which connects Athens to movement has been made which will insure our railroad to Richmond, east of Knoxville, so as to a sole flank attack of the rebels upon General Burnside of the Cumberland Gap. It will also give us a use for the transportation of refugees, contrabands within our lines. I find military men about equally opinionated about the present position of General Rosen all agree that he can hold that point, some think back to what they consider a more eligible line of o

The *New York Herald* has a correspondence Tennessee, dated the 5th instant, which says:—

"For the last four or five days a feeling of suspense uncertainty has pervaded this city with respect to Chattanooga. On Thursday last news reached us that possession of Look-out Mountain, which is the l and that a heavy gun had opened fire upon the p pered from subsequent information that this gun first or second fire, which, for time being, has save destruction. The Look-out Mountain completely city, which is only distant four miles by air line, an easy rifled cannon range. Persons from the front Rosencrans has heavy guns, Parrotts, so posted as enemy taking any artillery up the mountain heavy material damage; besides, it is believed the heavy guns this side of Atlanta, with which railroad has been cut off at a point between it and M was done by the burning of an extensive trestle branch of the Memphis and Charleston railroad by (cavalry, on the night of Thursday last. A painful to-day to the effect that M'Minnville, with a g men, surrendered yesterday to a large cavalry force, and that Murfreesburg, only thirty miles distant, i danger of attack. A stampede took place there several hundred negroes and citizens have already c lines here; but the telegraph brings no news outside despatches to the different departments which are r side. It is probable, therefore, that the enemy ha getting a body of cavalry across the river, and scatu country between M'Minnville and Murfreesburg to damage possible upon trains, and, if possible, cut th this latter will prove difficult, for it is strongly g twelfth army corps, recently arrived in this departm The same writer then refers to the feeling in K quent on the arming of the negroes:—

"Considerable feeling has been manifested on acc listment of negroes, especially by Kentucky soldier and two or three disgraceful scenes have occurred in consequence of collisions between them and men i States favourable to the policy. On Saturday a Ke Tennessee regiment and a lieutenant-colonel of a Ke regiment came to blows in a saloon in Cedar-street, fence arising out of a discussion on the subject, drawn, and for some time a most serious difficulty for the friends of the respective belligerents took sid ral mee ensued. The provost's guard was called the principal leaders of the disturbance were placed a captain of the East Tennessee regiment, the numl have forgotten, tore the straps off his shoulders and the gutter upon seeing a company of negro soldie equipped, marching through the streets. The negro find abundant employment, for those who do not en to work upon the new railroad connexion with the Charleston, and Mobile and Ohio roads."

Despatches from the head-quarters of the Army c report that an important flank movement on the Fed been made by General Lee. The troops for this pur centrated during the past week at Madison Court- advanced in a northward direction. A Federal force Kilpatrick immediately proceeded towards Robertc connoitre, but was encountered by the Confederates Stuart, and driven back with heavy loss toward The Confederates continued their march from M house, and gained a position considerably in the rear right. The design of the Confederates was believ severance of General Meade's communication. Wa grams of the 12th announce that General Lee's w been advanced across the Rapidan; that the Federals Culpepper, burning everything which could not b moved, and that General Meade had withdrawn his the north bank of the Rappahannock. Heavy reinfor been ordered to the support of General Meade. Co sours assert that General Longstreet's corps has rej of Northern Virginia, and a report is current ar Meade's troops that all the gaps in the Bull Run l held by Confederate cavalry.

A Washington despatch of the 15th says:—"An engagement occurred yesterday between a Lee's army and General Meade's second corps, near tion. The result is reported as a decided Union vic federates losing one battery and 100 prisoners. Fur tion concerning the situation in Virginia is anxiously

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A LETTER from St. Nazaire states that a violent gale of wind experienced on that coast on the 15th and 16th inst. All the men of that port consider the publishing of Admiral Fitzroy's patches on the weather to be an enormous advantage to them, on the slightest motion of the wind was accurately predicted by him.

THE Museum of Natural History in Paris has received a male elephant about one year old, and a male and female leopard, eighteen months old, sent as a present to the Emperor the Viceroy of Egypt. The leopards are very tall, and the female is grayer than that of the male, which is a bright yellow. They are both remarkably tame. The elephants are not so young as the leopards, but they are as lively and playful as kittens, gallop and strike each other with their trunks, and when they lie down one beside the other. The Museum of Paris possesses five elephants.

VOLUNTEER Rifle Brigade has just been organized in New York, United States. The men are armed with the Springfield, and are instructed in the Hythe system of musketry. It is that a detachment propose to enter the lists at the next Wimbledon meeting against one of the London regiments. The selection of a member to serve for West Worcestershire, in the late member, now called to the Upper House as Earl of Shaftesbury, took place on Monday, at Worcester. The Hon. F. St. John, brother of the peer, was nominated by the Hon. W. Coventry, and by Mr. Cutler, and elected unanimously. Mr. Lygon received thanks for the honour they had done him. Sir John Pakenham also addressed the meeting, and congratulated the electors on their choice.

BARBAROUS murder took place in the county of Tipperary on Friday last. A farmer named Kelly, living near the town of Isokane, was found lying dead in a pool of blood a little way from the high road. His skull had been battered in with stones. ANY of the fruit trees in the neighbourhood of Charlbury are, for the second time, in full bloom, and several of the gardens used to a southern aspect present the appearance of the month of May rather than October.

EXECUTION OF A SPY.

SCOTT KELLOGG, the spy, has just been executed in the presence of a vast crowd of people. While seated in the "back" waiting the coming of the arrangements, he conversed with the utmost calmness with Dr. Burrows, frequently smiling at some remark either by himself or the minister. Arriving under the gallows, the condemned man, unaccompanied, mounted the scaffold. A few moments Detective Capehart followed, and commenced to st the rope over the neck of the criminal, in which he assisted, he while talking with the officer. On taking off his hat, to it the noose over his head, he threw it on one side, and falling the scaffold, it struck a gentleman beneath, when the prisoner came quickly, and bowing, said, "Excuse me, sir." A o came on the scaffold with a ladder, and proceeded to in the rope to the upper beam, the prisoner meanwhile riding him with the greatest composure. The rope being med, the negro was in the act of coming down, when the prier, looking up at the rope, remarked, "This won't break my ; 't isn't more than a foot fall. Doctor, I wish you would e up and arrange this thing. I don't want to have a botch job!" The rope was then rearranged to his satisfaction, and the cap placed over his head. The condemned man then bowed head and engaged a few seconds in prayer, at the conclusion of h he raised himself, and standing perfectly erect, pronounced clear voice, "All ready!" The drop fell, and the condemned was launched into eternity. He struggled violently for about on, the rope swaying to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, and confessed his guilt. He had hired himself in the Confed- Engineer Corps at Island No. 10, for the purpose of gaining nation for the benefit of the Federal Government, and he with the conviction that he had furnished more valuable in- ation, in the character of a spy, to that Government than any men in the United States' service.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, writing from Louisville, on the 6th of October, says:—

"There is a great deal of interesting news from the army of the Cumberland that we are not permitted to make public, although, according to the philosophy in which I have been tutored, its publication would but strengthen the already mighty arms and legs of the Government to the extent of the confidence of the people. Our army is yet at Chattanooga, and for a few miles beyond we have thrown up a number of parallels for the defence, in case of a heavy attack. These have been completed with a view of being important auxiliaries to the naturally strong defensive position of the place. The old rebel redoubts about the town have been renovated and extended, and, from all I can learn, the position, with the large army defending it, is not only impregnable against any attack which the rebels can make upon it, but that it is really just such a strong place that the rebels have no notion of making an assault upon it even. The head-quarters of General Bragg are at Ringgold, Georgia, and his troops are engaged in fortifying 'Missionary Ridge' for immediate defence or army protection. The great fear seems to be that the rebels, well aware of their inability to carry a point twice ventured and twice lost, will leave their present position quietly, and aim to strike a blow in another quarter. The situation of Chattanooga is plain. The rebels, unfortunately for themselves, have massed their great army in Northern Georgia. They have risked too much, perhaps, to leave this point, and if they did, perhaps they would fare as poorly elsewhere. General Rosecrans will demonstrate in a few days—1, that he can hold Chattanooga; 2, that he has General Burnside and his own army ready for active operations; 3, that he has the largest and finest army in the United States; 4, that he can envelop and destroy General Bragg's army, if assisted properly; and 5, that he can threaten or strike at any point on the Atlantic seaboard at pleasure. To this end his army has been augmented. The rebels under Pegram have fallen back west of General Burnside's position, and have joined General Bragg. General Rosecrans is in full communication with General Burnside, and it is reported that the two chieftains have met in consultation at Cleveland. The Central Kentucky railroad is now open to Knoxville. The railroad from the last-named place to Chattanooga will soon be in operation. Cars are running from Knoxville to Athens, Georgia, a distance of twenty miles, and workmen are now repairing that portion which connects Athens to Cleveland. A movement has been made which will insure our possession of the railroad to Richmond, east of Knoxville, so as to prevent any possible flank attack of the rebels upon General Burnside, or a recapture of the Cumberland Gap. It will also give us more railroad to use for the transportation of refugees, contrabands, and forage within our lines. I find military men about equally divided in their opinions about the present position of General Rosecrans, and while all agree that he can hold that point, some think that he will fall back to what they consider a more eligible line of operations."

The *New York Herald* has a correspondence from Nashville, Tennessee, dated the 5th instant, which says:—

"For the last four or five days a feeling of suspense, doubt, and uncertainty has pervaded this city with respect to affairs at Chattanooga. On Thursday last news reached us that the enemy had possession of Look-out Mountain, which is the key to that city, and that a heavy gun had opened fire upon the place; but it appeared from subsequent information that this gun burst after the first or second fire, which, for time being, has saved this city from destruction. The Look-out Mountain completely commands the city, which is only distant four miles by air line, and this is within easy rifle cannon range. Persons from the front to-day say that Rosecrans has heavy guns, Parrotts, so posted as to prevent the enemy taking any artillery upon the mountain heavy enough to effect any material damage; besides, it is believed the enemy has no heavy guns this side of Atlanta, with which railroad communication has been cut off at a point between it and Marietta. This was done by the burning of an extensive trestle work on this branch of the Memphis and Charleston railroad by General Grant's cavalry, on the night of Thursday last. A painful rumour reaches us to-day to the effect that at McMinnville, with a garrison of 600 men, surrendered yesterday to a large cavalry force under Forrest, and that Murfreesburg, only thirty miles distant, is in imminent danger of attack. A stampede took place there yesterday, and several hundred negroes and citizens have already come within the lines here; but the telegraph brings no news outside the business despatches to the different departments which are not known outside. It is probable, therefore, that the enemy has succeeded in getting a body of cavalry across the river, and scattered it over the country between McMinnville and Murfreesburg to inflict all the damage possible upon trains, and, if possible, cut the railroad; but this latter will prove difficult, for it is strongly guarded by the twelfth army corps, recently arrived in this department."

The same writer then refers to the feeling in Kentucky consequent on the arming of the negroes:—

"Considerable feeling has been manifested on account of the enlistment of negroes, especially by Kentucky soldiers and officers, and two or three disgraceful scenes have occurred in the streets in consequence of collisions between them and men from Northern States favourable to the policy. On Saturday a captain of an East Tennessee regiment and a lieutenant-colonel of a Kentucky cavalry regiment came to blows in a saloon in Cedar-street through a difference arising out of a discussion on the subject. Pistols were drawn, and for some time a most serious difficulty was imminent, for the friends of the respective belligerents took sides, and a general melee ensued. The provost's guard was called, however, and the principal leaders of the disturbance were placed under arrest. A captain of the East Tennessee regiment, the number of which I have forgotten, tore the straps off his shoulders and threw them in the gutter upon seeing a company of negro soldiers, armed and equipped, marching through the streets. The negroes in our lines and abundant employment, for those who do not enlist are seized to work upon the new railroad connexion with the Memphis and Charleston, and Mobile and Ohio roads."

Despatches from the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac report that an important flank movement on the Federal right had been made by General Lee. The troops for this purpose were concentrated during the past week at Madison Court-house, and advanced in a northward direction. A Federal force under General Kilpatrick immediately proceeded towards Robertson river to reconnoitre, but was encountered by the Confederates under General Stuart, and driven back with heavy loss towards Culpeper. The Confederates continued their march from Madison Court-house, and gained a position considerably in the rear of the Federal right. The design of the Confederates was believed to be the severance of General Meade's communication. Washington telegrams of the 12th announce that General Lee's whole army had been advanced across the Rapidan; that the Federals had evacuated Culpeper, burning everything which could not be readily removed, and that General Meade had withdrawn his whole line to the north bank of the Rappahannock. Heavy reinforcements have been ordered to the support of General Meade. Confederate prisoners assert that General Longstreet's corps has rejoined the army of Northern Virginia, and a report is current among General Meade's troops that all the gaps in the Bull Run Mountains are held by Confederate cavalry.

A Washington despatch of the 15th says:—

"An engagement occurred yesterday between a large force of Lee's army and General Meade's second corps, near Bristol's Station. The result is reported as a decided Union victory, the Confederates losing one battery and 100 prisoners. Further information concerning the situation in Virginia is anxiously awaited."

It is believed to be the plan of the Confederates to keep a powerful army in front of Chattanooga, and, without making any general assault upon General Rosecrans, continue to harass him with their artillery in front, while strong detachments of cavalry are thrown in his rear to break up his communications, which will ultimately compel him to capitulate or retreat upon Knoxville and Nashville. A train of upwards of 300 waggons, containing ammunition and supplies for the Federals, was destroyed near Anderson in Alabama. The teamsters were made prisoners, and the mules either driven off or shot, and railroads and telegraph lines are continually intercepted at different points throughout the entire distance between Chattanooga and Nashville. The Federals now state that their casualties in the battles of Chickamauga will not fall short of 15,000 men.

General Burnside attacked the Confederates under Generals Jackson and Williams at Blue Springs, near Greenville, in Tennessee. The Confederates maintained their position, inflicting heavy loss upon the Federals, until, at nightfall, when they retired towards Greenville. General Burnside is reported to have marched in pursuit on the following day.

SLAVERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

WHILE lying at anchor at Apia, Navigator Islands, on the 23rd of May, Captain Lyons, of the Ocean brig, obtained the following particulars from parties just arrived in the schooner Emily, from Sunday Island, situated lat. 29.12 S., long. 178.13 W.:—"The schooner Emily sailed from Bay of Islands 3rd of February, for Sunday Island, and on arrival there found a large barque at anchor. On the captain of the schooner landing he saw a number of natives that he knew to come from Duke of York and Duke of Clarence Islands, and, as he could speak their language, they told him how that the barque had visited their islands, and that the captain and crew, well armed, landed in their boats, drove all the people down to the beach at the point of the bayonet, took every man, old and young, that had any strength, and placed them on board the ship, leaving none on the two islands but a few old white-headed men and some women and children. The islands are almost depopulated. There were a number of natives from Savage Island on board, as well as from Manikie, Danger, Easter, and other islands. There were about twenty-five women and forty children taken off Easter Island. When the slaver made Danger Island, the missionary ashore sent a canoe off to know what vessel it was and to obtain information. On the canoe coming alongside both it and the man were hoisted on board; the latter was put below the hatches and the former broken up for firewood. The object of the slaver visiting Sunday Island was to try and restore the health of his cargo, which must have been very numerous, as 300 or more of men, women, and children, that were in a dying state, owing to their crowded conditions, were landed in a most deplorable plight. They were so emaciated and feeble that they could not stand, some not able to crawl. The first launch load that was landed consisted of fifty-three men; only three could stand of the number, three were found dead on the launch reaching the beach, and the residue were hauled out of the boat in the roughest manner to be conceived, and thrown on the beach—some beyond the surf, and others in it. Several were drowned where they were thrown, and eighty died immediately after being landed. Some, not having strength to crawl beyond the reach of the tide, were drowned. As soon as some of the others gained a little strength, and were able to move about, they ate almost anything that came in their reach, and the consequence was that diarrhoea, flux, and cramp seized them, and carried them off in numbers. The dead bodies were buried on the beach, in the sand, and when the tide rose and the surf set in, all the bodies were disintegrated and strewn all over the beach, and allowed to remain as the tide left them. On the 19th of April a considerable number of the people had partially recovered, and were able to walk about. Many of them intended to start for the high land, just before the sailing of the barque, and hid themselves, which they can do, as the island is favourable for that purpose. The slave vessel is one of seven, of a similar nature, that are known to have been among the islands. This same barque visited the east end of Upolo—one of the Navigator Islands—and took a native out of a trading boat that was returning to Apia, as well as what money there was, and some oil, and afterwards sent the boat adrift with one European in it, when the land was just visible from the ship, without food or water. The boat reached the land after being at sea two days. The population of Sunday Island before the arrival of the slaver consisted of four families numbering twenty-two in all. Their occupation was cultivating a variety of vegetables, and rearing stock to supply the whaling ships that periodically visit the island. In fourteen days after the natives were landed out of the slaver, residents, who were Europeans, were attacked by the same disease as the natives were, and in a few days eight out of the twenty-two died. On the arrival of the schooner, all of them but one man were ill, and he had to attend to all, as well as bury the dead. As soon as the residue could bear removal, they were taken on board the schooner, and on its arrival at Apia they had all recovered. Some families had lost a father, some a mother, and one both father and mother. There was a poor little girl of fourteen months old, and her brother of eleven years old, who were left destitute and orphaned. The little girl found a kind protector at Apia, and the little boy is on board the Ocean brig. Sunday Island is uninhabited now."—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

A RICH PRIZE PICKED UP IN THE CHANNEL.—A CLAIM OF £100,000 FOR SALVAGE.

A REMARKABLE case of salvage, arising out of the abandoned ship Sebastian Cabot, outward bound to Bombay, is exciting a great deal of interest, the owners of the barque Archipelago, of Shields, the vessel that rendered assistance, having seized the ship at Waterford on an Admiralty warrant for the amount of their claim for the services rendered—namely, £100,000. They (the owners of the Archipelago) value the ship Sebastian Cabot and cargo at £200,000, but £120,000 is more near her extreme value. The services rendered were certainly the most important, as will be observed by the following extracts taken from the official depositions received at the Board of Trade from the receiver of wrecks at Holyhead:—"Captain Beazley, master of the Archipelago, states his vessel was 257 tons burden, and her crew mustered twelve hands. She left Shields for Vigo on the 29th of September. On the morning of the 10th of October they were fifty-eight miles off the coast south-west half west from the Lizard, the weather moderate, with the wind south-west, when a boat came alongside with the master, officers, and crew of the ship Sebastian Cabot; they brought all their clothes with them, the captain bringing his chronometer. They all came on board, reporting that their ship had lost her rudder and was unmanageable. Captain Beazley sent his mate and four hands to ascertain the state of the ship, and on their return, they stated that there were three feet six inches of water in her hold, but the water was not gaining when they left. The master of the Sebastian Cabot and his crew, with the exception of an able seaman, four apprentices, and a passenger named C. H. Marsh, returned to the ship; and two of the Archipelago's crew, the mate and cook, also went. The Archipelago then took the disabled ship in tow, and proceeded towards Falmouth. All went on well till Monday. The land was sighted, the Longships bearing NNE, when, owing to the ship setting sail, he was unable to continue the towing, and the tow-ropes was cut. He passed the vessel three times, and at length stood on the ship's lee-quarter, until the sea became so heavy and the gale so violent that he was compelled to leave her and put into Holyhead on the 15th." A seaman named William Pyle, belonging to the Sebastian Cabot, in his deposition,

states:—"The ship left London on the 24th of September. She is 894 tons burden, and has a general cargo. While in the Channel the tiller worked loosely on the rudder-head. It was secured by chains and iron wedges. On the following day one of the stanchions of the wheel-chain drew out of the deck, and loosened the gudgeons of the rudder. The wheel-chains were secured by straps to the ship's side. On the 9th inst. the rudder broke away altogether. The sails were then clewed up, and all hands were put to the pumps, as the ship was making water fast, with a heavy sea. The ship was quite unmanageable, and was drifting about. About seven a.m. the master and all hands left the ship in the long-boat, and went on board the Archipelago. The Sebastian Cabot subsequently got across the Irish Channel, and when off Minnis Head was taken in tow by a steamer and towed to Waterford."

The Board of Trade have ordered a court of inquiry on the abandonment of the ship by the master.

THE VOYAGE OF THE GREAT BALLOON.

The illustration on the front page represents the giant balloon of M. Nadar, a French aeronaut, who recently ascended at Paris, with the purpose of staying some days in the clouds, and making a long aerial voyage.

M. Eugene Arnould, one of the passengers in M. Nadar's balloon, writes as follows to the *Paris Nation*:—

"Hanover, Tuesday, Oct. 20.
"My dear Editor,—You saw us leave the Chap de Mars on Sunday. You were a witness of the majestic ascent of the Giant rising into the air amid the applause of the crowd. They cried to us from below, 'Bon voyage' (a pleasant journey). Alas! At nine o'clock at night we were at Etrelles; we passed over Malines, and towards midnight we were in Holland. We rose up very high; but it was necessary to come down to see where we were ignorant of that, our position was a critical one. Below, as far as we could see, were marshes, and in the distance we could hear the roar of the sea. We threw out ballast, and mounting again, soon lost sight of the earth. What a night! Nobody slept, as you may suppose; for the idea of falling into the sea had nothing pleasant about it, and it was necessary to keep a look out in order to effect, if necessary, a descent. My compass showed that we were going towards the east—that is to say, towards Germany. In the morning, after a frugal breakfast made in the clouds, we descended. An immense plain was beneath us; the villages appeared to us like children's toys—rivers seemed like little rivulets—it was magical. The sun shone splendidly over all. Towards eight o'clock we arrived near a great lake; there I found out our bearings, and announced that we were at the end of Holland, near the sea. We were compelled to think of landing, in order to take in a little ballast. Unhappily, the heavens had made us forget the earth, over which blew a wind so violent that in a few minutes our anchors, enormous fulcrums of iron, were broken. The valve was shut, and the balloon, which could carry us no longer, began a giddy career. We rose from twenty to thirty metres, and felt with incredible force. Little by little the balloon ceased to rise, and the car fell upon its side. Then began a furious disordered race; all disappeared before us—trees, thickets, walls, all broken or buffed through by the shock; it was frightful. Sometimes it was a lake in which we plunged; a bog, the thick mud of which entered our mouths and our eyes. It was maddening. 'Stop, stop!' we shouted, enraged with the monster who was dragging us along. A railway was before us, a train passing; it stopped at our cries, but we carried away the telegraphic posts and wire. An instant afterwards we perceived in the distance a red house—I see it now—the wind bore us straight for this house. It was death to us all, for we should be dashed to pieces. No one spoke. Strange to say, of those nine persons, one of whom was a lady, who were clinging to a slender screen of osier, for whom every second seemed counted, not one had any fear. All tongues were mute, all faces were calm. Nadar held his wife, covering her with his body. Poor woman! Every shock seemed to break her to pieces. Jules Godard then tried and accomplished an act of sublime heroism. He clambered up into the netting, the shocks of which were so terrible that three times he fell on my head. At length he reached the cord of the valve, opened it, and the gas having a way of escape the monster ceased to rise, but it still shot along in a horizontal line with prodigious rapidity. There were we squatting down upon the frail osier car. 'Take care!' we cried, when a tree was in the way. We turned from it, and the tree was broken; but the balloon was discharging its gas, and if the immense plain we were crossing had yet a few leagues, we were saved. But suddenly a forest appeared in the horizon; we must leap out at whatever risk, for the car would be dashed to pieces at the first collision with those trees. I got down into the car, and raising myself I know not how, for I suffered from a wound in my knees, my trousers were torn, I jumped, and made I know not how many revolutions, and fell upon my head. After a minute's dizziness I rose. The car was then far off. By the aid of a stick I dragged myself to the forest, and having gone a few steps I heard some groans. Saint Felix was stretched on the soil frightfully disfigured. His body was one wound; he had an arm broken, the chest torn, and an ankle dislocated. The car had disappeared. After crossing a river I heard a cry. Nadar was stretched on the ground with a dislocated thigh. His wife had fallen into the river. Another companion was shattered. We occupied ourselves with Saint Felix and Nadar and his wife. In trying to assist the latter I was nearly drowned, for I fell into the water and sank. They picked me up again, and I found the bath had done me good. By the assistance of the inhabitants the salvage was got together. Vehicles were brought; they placed us upon straw. My knees bled; my loins and head seemed to be like mince meat; but I did not lose my presence of mind an instant, and for a second I felt humiliated at looking from the truss of straw at those clouds which in the night I had had under my feet. It was in this way we reached Ruthem, in Hanover. In seventeen hours we had made nearly 250 leagues. Our course *infernale* had covered a space of three leagues. Now that it is over I have some shuddering. It does not signify; we have made a good journey, and I marvel to see with what indifference we may regard the most frightful death, for, besides the prospect of being dashed about on our way, we had that of gaining the sea, and how long should we have lived then? I am glad to have seen this—happier yet at having to narrate it to you. These Germans who surround us are brave people, and we have been as well cared for as the resources of the little spot will allow.—P.S. I have just reached Hanover with my companions, and re-open my letter to tell you so. The King has sent an aide-de-camp to us. Are we at the end of our reveries? At any rate, I am consoled to think they can no longer laugh at us in Paris. We have kept our promises, and more."

TURNHAM'S MUSIC HALL.—We lately paid a visit to this hall, and derived considerable gratification from the entertainment provided. The hall is admirably adapted for the purpose it was erected for—roomy, elegant, and well ventilated. The company comprise the names of Caroline Parkes, Paul Deulin, Paddy Fannin, the Brothers Conrad, Nelly Power, &c. The conductor is Mr. C. Greville, whose benefit, we see, is announced for the 5th proximo.

A CAPITAL WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencase, and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORTO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

JAPANESE SKETCHES.

CONTINUING our series of illustrations of this highly interesting country, we have here views of Simoda, the Jukin Pagoda, and Jeddo, from above the bridge. Simoda is a lovely but dangerous harbour. Its apparently sheltered nooks and secluded coves woo you into their embraces, and when the south winds blow fiercely you are dashed to atoms upon their ribs of iron. The earthquake which wrecked the Russian frigate *Diana* changed the surface of the bottom, and there is now no good holding ground; but it is a fairy land to look upon, and in calm weather is the picture of repose and security. Here, too, there is a goyoshi, or bazaar, and a better display of lacquer and chinathan at Nayasaki; but it is a town of no local importance, containing some 3,000 or 4,000 inhabitants.

THE poor young ex-queen of Naples is in bad health and it is said that she spits blood. Her cousin, the King of Bavaria, anxious to effect her re-establishment, has brought with him a German doctor of great repute, to whose care he is desirous to entrust Queen Maria Sophia's health.

SKETCHES IN JAPAN.



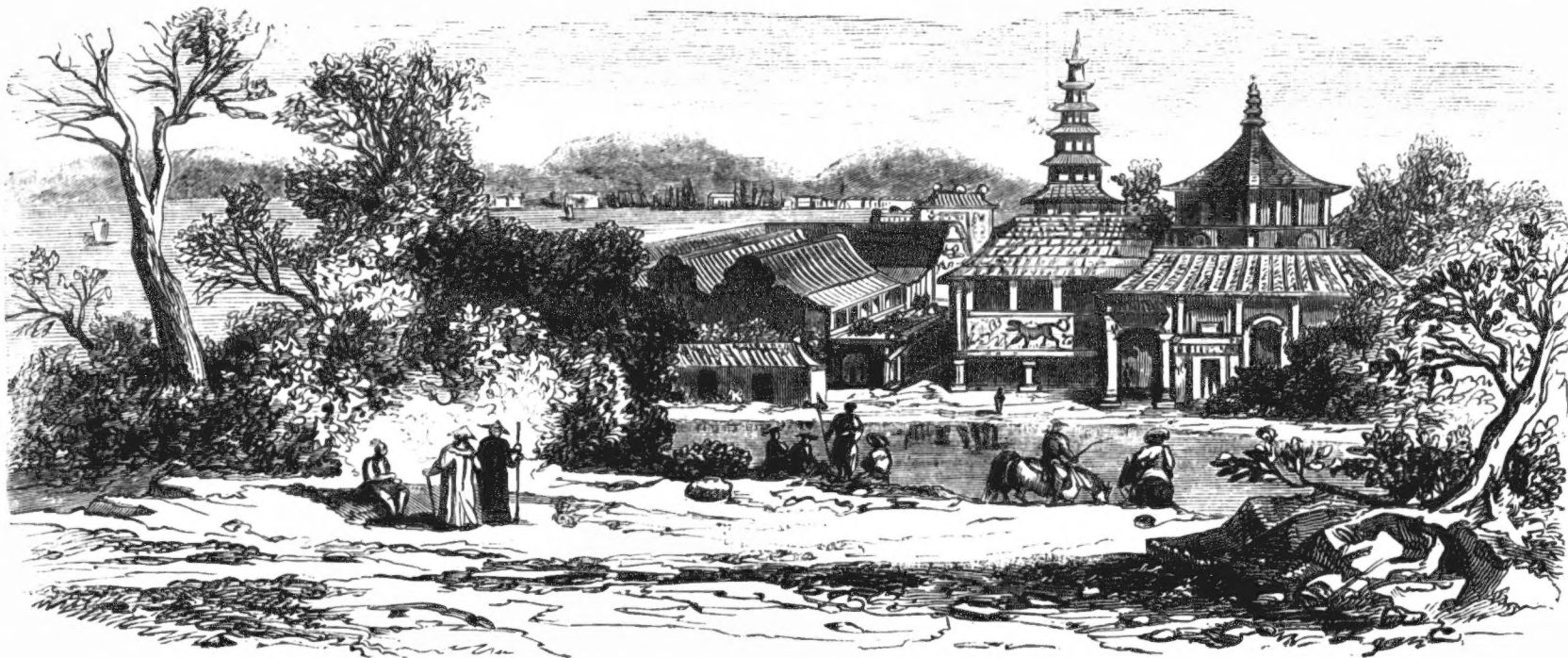
SIMODA.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

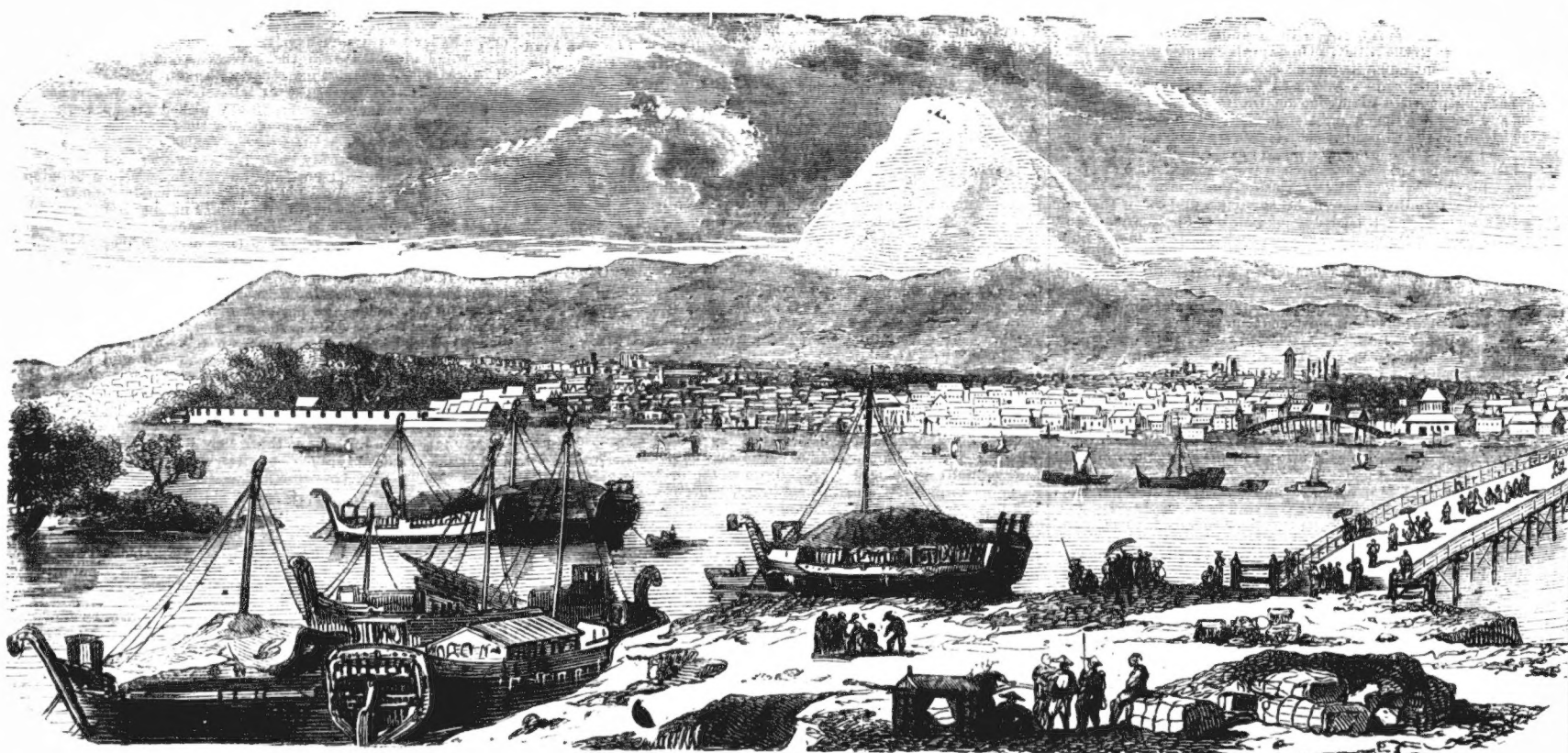
DAUGHTERS of Eve! Is there not something suggestive of mischief in the title. Clearly the young ladies the artist has drawn are of a roguish character, and up to roguish tricks. Apples are dangerous things to play with, and yet apples are a most innocent fruit. If Eve had not tempted Adam with that fatal apple, what a different place this world of ours would have been! Our engraving is from a painting by Fromentin, one of the leading painters in Modern France.

PREPARATIONS, affording every convenience, for the court-martial on Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley are in progress at Aldershot.

HUNG BEEF—A bullock came by its death a short time since in the fields hereabout in a very remarkable manner. It appears that the animal was grazing by the side of a ditch, over which were growing some withy trees, and while nibbling the leaves off a tree, with its head between two branches, the bank on which its fore feet were resting gave way, and the beast's head became suspended in the fork of the tree. When discovered it was quite dead, having hung itself—*West Sussex Gazette*.



JUKIN PAGODA, NEAR JEDDO.



JEDDO, ABOVE THE BRIDGE.

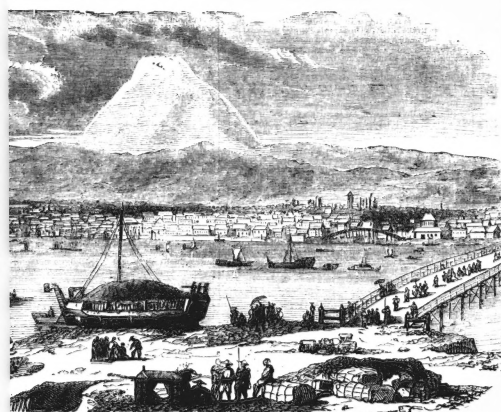
ETCHES IN JAPAN.



SIMODA.



KIN PAGODA, NEAR JEDDO.



JEDDO, ABOVE THE BRIDGE.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. Is there not something suggestive of mischief in the title. Clearly the young ladies the artist has drawn are of a roguish character, and up to roguish tricks. Apples are dangerous things to play with, and yet apples are a most innocent fruit. If Eve had not tempted Adam with that fatal apple, what a different place this world of ours would have been! Our engraving is from a painting by J. M. W. Turner, one of the leading painters in Modern France.

PREPARATIONS. Affording every convenience for the court-martial on Lieutenant Colonel Crawley are in progress at Aldershot.

HUNG DEER. A bullock came by its death a short time since in the fields hereabout in a very remarkable manner. It appears that the animal was grazing by the side of a ditch, over which were growing some willow trees and while nibbling the leaves of a tree, with its head between two branches, its back on which its fore feet were resting gave way, and the beast's head became suspended in the fork of the tree. When discovered it was quite dead, having hung head—*West Sussex Gazette.*



DAUGHTERS OF EVE—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING. (See page 296.)

under General Bragg unimpeded, and the result was the battle of Chickamauga, which has reduced the army of General Rosecrans to the perilous condition described by the last reports. The corps General Longstreet, again detached from the main army of the Confederates, appears to have rejoined General Lee, and enabled him to advance from the Rapidan, passing the right flank of the Federals, a movement which compelled their whole force to retire northward, as the Rappahannock, to the position it has now taken.

A railway excursion season may be considered at an end. The dreary thousands of people released from the burden of their occupations, not only in this great metropolis, but in our manufacturing and other hives of industry, are returning from their various jaunts to the lakes, to the watering places, to the Scotch moors, or the far-western Galway. The holiday is, in no small degree, indebted to our railway companies opening out such opportunities of locomotion as have been provided for them during the past season. The effect of excursion traffic upon the face of the country is not more remarkable than the effect upon the population. Both those who visit and those who are visited are improved by it. Amongst the best in their effects are those occasional excursion trains, such as "Marcus's" on the London and North-Western, and the South Wales and West of England excursions on the Great Western, which, for less than 2s., give the working population and servants of the metropolis a visit to their friends in different parts of England, giving them a look at a fortnight, as they may have time to spare, to go and to return. These trains have not always been so well managed as they might be—mainly, perhaps, because they are overcrowded, this very fact illustrating how much they are sought after, and the benefits they afford. Probably there are few families in this metropolis who do not know of some poor person who has desired the advantage of the "cheap excursion train" to visit relatives in the country, or scenes of early life rendered more dear and hallowed by recollections of departed friends. The opportunity of visiting these distant points once a year, for a sum within the grasp of almost the poorest, is a boon for which we have to thank the railway system. And this leads to the observation that excursion traffic proves a principle very important to be observed in railway affairs—namely, that the interests of the public of the railway companies are identical, and not antagonistic. The great object of railway companies must be to induce passengers to travel; and the great inducement to travel is a low scale of fares. A low scale of fares is precisely what is wanted by the public of the public who travel as excursionists; and, accordingly, at the public who seek this sort of accommodation look for low fares, that which directorates and railway managers have to look at the maximum amount of gross revenue they can obtain by giving the fullest facilities and temptations to travel to excursionists. In some cases (as in that of the Great Western), it may be doubted whether this principle has been sufficiently regarded, whether the line may not have suffered in consequence. It is worth ascertaining what were the relative excursion traffic carried by the Great Western and the South-Western during the past season; and it may be still more worthy the consideration of railway managers whether, now that excursion traffic in Great Britain is being so fully developed, new opportunities and facilities it not be afforded, even at reduced rates. It is to be borne in mind that excursion traffic costs nothing beyond the expense of running the trains. There is little or no "handling," as in the case of parcels conveyed by railway; the weight of the passengers is small, consequently the cost for engine power less; and if passengers are a superior description of carriage, that expense is counterbalanced by the greater durability of passenger vehicles. In view of the case excursion traffic might be conducted as cheaply as traffic of coal traffic, provided a relative amount was obtainable. And the question for railway managers is, whether such a result as would pay could not be obtained at even lower rates than those now adopted. We submit this especially to the consideration of the enterprising managers of new lines. For what sum could the London, Chatham, and Dover, for instance, carry excursion passengers from London to the sea-coast back with profit? Such questions are not unworthy deliberate consideration by the companies which they concern.

THE NAVIES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AMERICA.

On days since the New York Journal of Commerce stated in regard to the navies of the three leading Powers, somewhat as follows: "The purpose of showing that we are not so weak on the sea as may be inferred from our utter inability to capture the pirates or to blockade the Southern ports:—England, 16 iron-clads, 341 steam-vessels; France, 16 iron-clads, 325 steamers; United States, 54 iron-clads, 328 steam-vessels. It is often said that 'figures don't lie'; but in this case they do not speak the whole truth. To infer, because we have 54 iron-clads and 325 steamers, that our navy is a match for either that of France or of America, is very fallacious. The majority of our steamers are merchant vessels, many of them with side wheels, and all of them with their motive power exposed to the action of shot or while those in the foreign navies are all regularly equipped for war. Our steam frigates, such as the Niagara, Colorado, Minnesota; our first-class sloops, such as the Brooklyn, Lancaster, and Hartford; and second-class sloops, such as the Canby, Housatonic, and Monongahela, are as fine vessels as any of the respective classes in the navies of England or France, but we are not near enough of them to match either of our opponents, and we have a single line-of-battle steamship. For the purpose of all our gun-boats are little better than failures. We think it impossible to show that we have 100 steam-vessels of it to compete with a corresponding number of the war vessels of France or America, either in weight of metal or speed. The number of iron-clads looks formidable; but, excepting the Ironsides, the Monitor, and the Roanoke, the others are not sea-going vessels. Neither is the Dunderberg finished, and as for the monitors they are only for harbour defence. We mention these facts for the purpose of befitting our navy, but for the purpose of misleading the minds of those who may be misled by the display of numbers to suppose that we are prepared to wage war on the ocean on equal terms with either England or France. We had a navy department corresponding to our resources as a maritime people, we could produce a navy in a year that might be as formidable as the British navy of the present century is as clear to our eyes as anything in the future, no matter what may be the issue of the Southern rebellion.—*London Commercial Advertiser*

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS. GUILDHALL.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ALLEGED PERJURY.—Henry Davis, jun., at present carrying on business as a hatter, at 53, Grey-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was charged with having, on the 24th of June, 1862, committed wilful and corrupt perjury in an affidavit sworn before one of the surrogates in the office of the Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in support of a petition for the purpose of obtaining a license for the solemnization of matrimony, for the purpose of obtaining a license for the solemnization of matrimony, Mr. Bailey, instructed by Mr. Bonham, of 35, Poultry, to appear on behalf of Mr. Lialter, a respectable retired tradesman, to prosecute the prisoner for wilful and corrupt perjury committed by him in the view to obtain a license for a special marriage with Miss Lizzy Lialter, the daughter of my client. The circumstances of this case will show that this young man, well knowing that the young lady's father was living, did, on the 24th of June, 1862, make affidavit that she had no parent living, or any testamentary or other guardian authorised to give consent to the marriage. For two years prior to June, 1862, the prisoner was on visiting terms at Mr. Lialter's house, during which time he (the prisoner) was acquainted with his father, Mr. Moses Davis, a draper, of Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate. Mr. Lialter was under the impression the prisoner came to visit his son, and therefore thought nothing of the intimacy until a formal proposal of marriage was made and his consent requested to it. Mr. Lialter objected, inasmuch as his daughter, who possessed considerable personal attractions, was then only fourteen and a half years old, and he pointed out to the prisoner the necessity of his achieving a position to enable him to maintain a wife before asking for his (the father's) consent. He at the same time requested the prisoner to discontinue his visit to the house, but instead of complying he renewed his attentions to the daughter, and on the 24th of June, 1862, after being told by Mr. Lialter that his conduct had drawn upon the young lady a severe reproof from her father for encouraging him (the prisoner) he appears to have proceeded to Doctors'-Commons, obtained the license by the means which now form the groundwork of these proceedings, and notwithstanding both parties were of the Hebrew persuasion, they were on the following morning married at the parish church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, after which they went to Gravesend, from which place the prisoner addressed the following letter to Mr. Lialter, on the afternoon of the 26th of June:

"Dear father.—I write to inform you Lizzy is my lawful wife, and by this time far away from London with me. I know I should never have gained your consent, therefore I found my only plan was to marry her first, and let you know after. This, I feel confident, is the only way we should ever have come together. Therefore I have called you father, and will be to you a good and dutiful son, likewise to your daughter a kind and affectionate husband, will work night and day to make her comfortable, and doing this shall make her a good husband, and you a dutiful son. Lizzy joins with me in best love.—Believe me to remain, your affectionate son, HENRY DAVIS."

Mr. Bailey continued: After an absence of three weeks the prisoner returned with his wife to his father's house, where she was taken so ill that her life was despaired of, and by the advice of some of her friends a second marriage, according to the ceremonies of the Jewish persuasion, was performed, after which, at the intercession of the prisoner, through two other married daughters of Mr. Lialter, that gentleman consented to receive his daughter, Lizzy, who was accordingly brought to his house, apparently in a dying state, and while in that condition, being as it was feared at the time, past all recovery, the following letter was received from the prisoner, dated the 8th of September, 1862, the day after she was received into her father's house:—

"Sir.—Take notice that Lizzy Davis, my wife, having of her own accord, or under the improper influence of yourself, or other members of her family, and without any justifiable cause, deserted me and my protection as her lawful husband, and is now harboured by you. I shall refuse in any way to recognize or be responsible for any of her acts, or for any debts or liabilities which she may incur, either for necessities or otherwise.—Dated this 8th day of September, 1862."

"20, Wormwood-street." "H. DAVIS. Mr. Bailey: The prosecutor took no notice of this letter, and upon recovery his daughter addressed a very proper letter to the prisoner, expressing surprise at his long silence, and stating that unless she heard from him as to what he intended doing, she would join him at once at Newcastle, where he had established himself in business; but the only reply she received was a letter from his solicitor, referring her to the notice of the 8th of September, and cautioning her against trusting herself upon the prisoner. That letter was dated 22nd of April, 1863, and I believe that the prisoner was shortly afterwards in town, and even had the heartless cruelty to pass his wife in the street without recognizing her. These are the material facts of the case. The following is a copy of the affidavit:—

"Appeared personally, H. Davis, of the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, in the county of Middlesex, a bachelor, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, and prayed a license for the solemnization of matrimony between himself and Lizzy Davis, of the parish of St. Botolph, Aldgate, between him and Lizzy Lialter, of the parish of St. Botolph, Aldgate, a spinster, a minor of the age of eighteen years and upwards, but under the age of twenty-one years; and made oath that he believeth that there is no impediment of kindred or alliance, or any other lawful cause, nor any suit commenced in any ecclesiastical court to bar or hinder the proceedings of the said matrimony according to the tenor of such license. And he further made oath that he, the said affiant, has had his usual place of abode within these said parishes of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, for the space of fifteen days last past. And he lastly made oath that the said minor hath no parent living, nor any testamentary or other guardian of her person lawfully appointed and having authority to consent to her marriage."

"HENRY DAVIS." Mr. Isaac Lialter then deposed to the facts stated by the learned counsel. Alderman Hale accordingly adjourned the case, taking bail for the prisoner in two sureties of £50 each, and his own recognizances in £100. A MILITARY OFFICER CHARGED WITH FRAUD.—Richard Parnham Ridley, aged 38, who was until lately a lieutenant in the 14th Light Dragoons, was brought before Mr. Knox for final examination, charged with obtaining a sum of £300 by false pretences, with intent to defraud the British Mutual Investment, Loan, and Discount Company (limited). Mr. J. Strutt, a solicitor of 2, Adelphi-terrace, said: I was professionally engaged for the prisoner, whom I have known only about eight or nine months. He introduced himself to me as an Indian officer, and said he had fought through the Central Indian campaign, having served under one of my sons, who is an officer in the Indian Army. He mentioned the names of several officers whom I knew, and I spoke to some of them on the subject, and from what they said I had no doubt he had been in the Indian campaign. I therefore had no objection to act as his solicitor. This was some time in March. He afterwards told me he wanted to borrow a sum, as he was anxious to get rid of some trifling debts that he owed to different people. He offered as security for the loan the prize-money he was entitled to for several engagements he had fought in; but I did not consider that a tangible security, and on telling him so he suggested two reversionsary interests as security, and of the two I selected one consisting of money in the funds payable at the death of his mother, which he said had been bequeathed by his grandfather or uncle, I forget which. I then directed a search to be made for the will at Doctors'-Commons, and finding his estate so far correct, I prepared the proposed form for a loan. He said he was entitled to a fourth part of £3,000 in the New 3 per cent. which was then standing in his uncle's names as trustee under the will. I ascertained that there was no doubt of his being entitled to the money under that will. The other security he proposed was money in the funds, but being a very remote and contingent security I took no notice of it. The amount of the loan he required was £300, as he said the debts he wished to settle were about £100 or £150. I forwarded the printed form of proposal produced to the solicitors to the British Mutual Investment, Loan, and Discount Company, and in due course received a reply stating that it was accepted subject to the prisoner's title under the will being investigated and approved. I caused an abstract of the prisoner's title to be prepared and sent to the company's office through their solicitors, and the next step was a requirement of the company for proof of the prisoner's identity as one of the children of a daughter of the testator. It was also suggested that certificates should be furnished and declarations made with respect to various matters connected with the proof of the title, &c., all of which was complied with. I received instructions from the prisoner in drawing up the proposal for the loan and stating the particulars of the security. He was very anxious that no notice should be given to the trustees of his borrowing money on his reversionsary interest, and gave as his reason that he had offended an uncle, one of the parties named in the will, who had died very wealthy and disinherited him, and he was afraid that his surviving uncle would probably do the same if he became aware that he was borrowing money on the reversionsary interest. I mentioned this circumstance to the solicitors to the company, and as it often does between members of the same profession, they dispensed with the notice. I considered that putting a *disclaimer* on the stock, and the prisoner making the required declarations, was sufficient to secure the company and prevent the prisoner making away with his reversionsary interest. I received the amount from the company, and paid it over to the prisoner after making some deductions for expenses. He promised to call on me on the following day, but he did not come, and I did not see anything of him for three or four months. Knowing that the money borrowed was to be paid back by instalments, and that one would be due in a few days, I wrote to him to that effect, as I knew he was a

careless man but my letter was returned to me, the prisoner having left the place addressed to it. Some days after the instalment was overdue he called on me about it and spoke as though it was not yet due, and on my telling him the fact that it was overdue he left me saying he would go down and pay it. I have not seen him since. I have since understood that he sold his reversionsary interest four years ago, but at the time I did not myself that the stock was there, and that there was no *disclaimer* upon it, at least I had no information through a friend of mine who was a stockbroker, and I saw myself that the money was standing in his uncle's name, and in the bank. Cross-examined by Prisoner: You were not introduced by my son, although I have heard him speak of you as being quartered with him at Aldershot? You did not in my presence give my son £2 or two guineas for the introduction to me. You introduced yourself. Prisoner: Mr. Strutt has made a mistake in saying I served under his son in India, for his son was only a subaltern in the infantry while I was a lieutenant in the 14th Light Dragoons. Alderman Abbes: That is quite immaterial to the charge of obtaining £300 by false representations. Loan and Discount Company, of 17 and 18, Little Bridge-street, Blackfriars, said the proposal for the loan in question was received at the office on the 20th of April, and on the 25th a cheque for the amount was signed, but it was not paid over until after the security was approved and the declarations made, which were done on the 19th of May, and on the 20th the money was handed over. The money was advanced in full belief that the prisoner's representations with regard to the *bona fide* character of the security offered were true. The prisoner here indicated that he was the last moment deprived of the professional advice he expected, and that he was not prepared to defend himself at present, but that he would be able to give a satisfactory answer to the charge at the proper time. The further hearing of the case was then adjourned over the present sessions of the Central Criminal Court.

BOW STREET.

IMPUDENT ROBBERY.—James Davis was charged with stealing a watch from the pocket of a young man named Bull. It appeared that at about twelve o'clock on Saturday night two drunken men, named Hunter and Chilton, were fighting at Charing-cross, causing a crowd to assemble, and creating a great disturbance. They were taken into custody by Police-man A 587, aided by several other constables, and removed to the station-house upon stretchers. The absence of the police was an opportunity not to be missed by the pickpockets. As the last Greenwich omnibus was starting, from the omnibus, there was a man for places. Mr. Bull had got upon the top, intending to ride to New-cross, as he resided at Peckham, when he found that in the rush his watch had been taken. The ring or bow was broken, and the chain was hanging loose. A bystander at this moment pointed out the prisoner, saying that he had seen him steal a gentleman's watch. The prisoner was seized by several persons, and finding escape impossible, he threw down the watch on the footway. A gentleman in the crowd saw him do this, took it up, and cried out, "Has the gentleman lost his watch?" Mr. Bull replied, "I have;" he descended from the omnibus, and upon the watch being shown to him identified it as his property. The gentleman who picked it up then handed it over to a commissioner to take it to Scotland-yard. The prisoner was also taken to Scotland-yard by the persons who had seized him, there being no policeman at Charing-cross, as they had all gone to the station-house with the persons in custody for fighting. At Scotland-yard Sergeant Russell, of the A division who was on duty at the police-office, took the prisoner into custody, and took him to the station-house, where he was kept in custody until the watch was recovered. The watch was not found, and the prisoner was taken to the station-house. As the gentleman who saw the prisoner throw the watch away would not attend, Mr. Corrie said he should commit the prisoner to trial, but must have him brought up again to add the evidence of that one witness. Hunter and Chilton were fined 2s. 6d. each for being drunk and riotous.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A VICTIMISED CAPTAIN.—Maurice Harcourt, alias Maurice de Winter, alias Captain Vernon Harcourt, but whose real name is stated to be Charles Mellows, was brought before Mr. Knox for final examination, charged with fraudulently obtaining goods from various tradesmen. A number of West-end tradesmen who had been victimised by the prisoner were present. The case of Mr. Holbrook, hostler, of Bond-street, which was gone into partially last week, was continued, and completed. A second charge was then brought against the prisoner, Mr. W. Sydney, stationer, No. 104, Edgware-road, said that on the 25th of September the prisoner came to his shop and said he wanted to have a card-plate engraved and cards printed, fifty with the address, "25, Chepstow-place," and fifty without the address. Prisoner gave the name of Captain Francis Vernon Harcourt, and stated that he wanted some of the cards as soon as possible. While in the shop the prisoner looked at a book of crests to find out the arms of the family of the Harcourts. The prisoner could not find what he wanted, and he then looked into the "London Directory" for the address of Colonel Vernon Harcourt, who he said was his father. The prisoner added that Lady Caroline Harcourt was his mother. The prisoner selected a Russian leather purse, value 4s., and after ordering a quantity of stationery to be sent to 25, Chepstow-place, went away. The parcel of goods was delivered, and when the cards were sent about a week afterwards, the boy who took the parcel was told that the people of the house had found out something respecting their lodger, and had sent him away. It was entirely in consequence of the prisoner's statement that he was Captain Vernon Harcourt that the goods were sent. He had received no money from the prisoner. Mr. Cutler, jobmaster, No. 23, Brick-street, Park-lane, said the prisoner called on him, and, believing his representation that he was Captain Vernon Harcourt, he let him have a brougham from the 2nd of August until the 13th. The prisoner stated that he lived at Fenton's Hotel. He made no inquiries into the truth of the prisoner's representations. A cabman stepped into the witness-box and stated that the prisoner had employed his cab for six hours and had not paid him. Detective Clarke said there were at least a dozen more of such cases. Mr. Knox said it was very hard upon the cabman, and if his story were found to be correct he should have the amount given to him. Police-constable Mann, A 589, formerly in the 1st Royal Dragoon, said he knew the prisoner as Maurice Harcourt, a private in the regiment. Detective Clarke said Colonel Harcourt intended to be present at the trial. Stephen Stokes, a waiter at the Oxford Music-hall, said the prisoner came to the hall and had a private box, champagne, cigars, and other refreshments. The prisoner gave him his card, which had on it "Capt. F. Vernon Harcourt," and believing the prisoner to be Captain Vernon Harcourt, he let him have two more bottles of champagne, and also sent him a sovereign. The prisoner was then stopped at Fenton's Hotel, and promising to call the next night and pay his bill. Police-constable Paine, A 315, said on the 24th of August, 1862, he had the prisoner in custody in the name of Maurice de Winter for stealing a pair of earrings from a woman to a brougham in Windmill-street. The prisoner was convicted at the Clerkenwell Sessions, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. Detective Clarke said there was a prior conviction at Brighton, he believed, for obtaining goods under false pretences. This was after the prisoner had been discharged from the 1st Life Guards. The prisoner declined to put any questions to the witnesses, and was fully committed.

THAMES.

A TROUBLESOME CUSTOMER.—Henry Colville, a tall grave-looking man, about 34 years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with the following strange conduct. The prisoner Joseph Healey, an apothecary, at 10, John-street, Poplar, said the prisoner came into his shop at five o'clock on the previous afternoon, drunk and in a very excited state. The prisoner said, "You have poisoned me, and I'll have revenge!" and called upon him to leave the shop and to meet him in the street, and on his refusal to do so made a rush at him and knocked down a medicine bottle, which was broken. He had great difficulty in preventing the prisoner striking him, and the violent exclamations and noise caused a mob to assemble in front of his house. He called in a police-constable and gave the prisoner into custody. Mr. Partridge: Did he strike you? Mr. Healey: He did not, sir. He would have done so if I had not restrained him. Mr. Partridge: What is the amount of damage done? Mr. Healey: Only 1s. 6d. Mr. Partridge asked the prisoner if he would pay the money? The prisoner: I will, sir. I am very sorry indeed that I should have acted so. I was intoxicated, sir. Inspector Bares, of the K division, said the prisoner was in a most furious state all the night, and raved like a maniac. The prisoner made a most desperate attempt to commit suicide, and it was necessary to have two constables in the cell all night to prevent him repeating the attempt on his life. The prisoner: I was beside myself last night; the drink made me quite mad. Mr. Partridge: You may go on paying 1s. 6d. for the bottle you have broken. The prisoner: So ends my catechism.

STRANGE HALLUCINATION OF A GIRL.—Julia Sharp, a servant girl, aged 16 years, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with stealing 5s. 4d. in silver and copper money, belonging to Mr. Dixon How. The prisoner had been in the service of Mrs. Clara How, a lady residing in Staines-road. A few days since the girl was entrusted by her mistress with a half-sovereign to pay a butcher's bill. She returned to her mistress after a few minutes' absence, and said she had lost the money. Her story was doubted at the time, but Mrs. How, who is a kind-hearted lady, overlooked the affair. While Mrs. Dixon was at tea on Thursday week the girl absconded. Soon afterwards Mrs. How's children discovered that a box in the parlour had been forced open, and called their mother's attention to it. Mrs. How then missed 5s. 4d. from the box, which contained a much larger sum. She also missed a black leather bag from a cupboard in her

bedroom. Mrs. How went in search of her servant, and the mother of the girl assisted her in doing so. The girl was found in the house of a friend, and upon seeing her mistress she opened a window, jumped into the street, and made her escape. She was afterwards captured by a police-constable as she was making preparations to go to Liverpool, with the black leather bag she had stolen in her possession. It contained three cotton dresses and several other things belonging to the prisoner, and articles of trifling value, the property of Mrs. How. The mother of the girl said her husband was a cooper. The prisoner was the eldest of eight children. The girl had been in five situations, kept each of them five months only, and left for the purpose of proceeding to Liverpool. Mr. Partridge: Liverpool—what does she want there? The mother: I do not know, sir. Indeed she has a strange fancy to go to Liverpool, although she has no relations or connections there. When she has been in a situation five months she becomes low spirited and desponding, and wishes to go to Liverpool. Mr. Partridge: These fits come over her periodically? The mother: Yes, sir, she is thinking of Liverpool morning, noon, and night. She only took sufficient money from Mrs. How to enable her to proceed to Liverpool. She might have taken more. Mrs. How said that really was the case. She had no wish the girl should be sent to prison. Mr. Partridge: I think I must do so for a short time. The mother: I have to implore of you not to send my child to a prison. Her father and myself will do all we can to keep her out of persons' way in future. She is not sixteen until next April. She would not think of robbing any one if she had not fancied going to Liverpool. She started one morning for Liverpool with her prayer book and Bible in her hands, and we brought her back. Mr. Partridge said he would send the girl at present for a week, and he would decide what was to be done with her when she was brought up again.

LAMBETH.

A LOVER OF PHYSIC AND A PLACER TO THE DOCTOR.—Anne Brookbridge, a pale and sickly-looking young woman, was charged before the Hon. G. C. Norton with annoying Mr. Munday, one of the medical officers of the parish of Lambeth. Mr. Munday deposed that eight years ago the prisoner became a pauper patient, and from that time to the present had been a perfect source of continued annoyance to himself and his family. Before for similar annoyances, and I am surprised, Mr. Munday, you don't get the guardians to transfer her to one of the other medical officers of the parish, and give him a turn, for I am sure you have had abundance of her annoyance. Mr. Munday: Well, sir, some time ago I made a request to Mr. Fairly, one of the relieving officers who signs her orders, that this might be done, but instead of complying with my request he gave her a card which enabled her to come to my house at all times, and, instead of lessening the annoyance, has very much increased it. Mr. Norton: Why, after all you have suffered, and I feel satisfied that if you apply to the board of guardians they will treat you differently. What has the prisoner done now? Mr. Munday: She came to my residence at two o'clock yesterday, while I was out, and remained there until ten; and when I told her I had given her medicine enough to last her till this evening, she ran into the street, made a great noise, and collected a large crowd by saying that though entitled to it she could get no medicine. Mr. Norton: Why, her passion for medicine amounts to a perfect madness, and is sufficient to tempt a medical man to give her a good sharp dose now and again. (Laughter.) She is never happy but when swallowing medicine. (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Munday: This year alone she has had seventy-five bottles of medicine, for which I shall only be paid 2s. The prisoner, in reply to the charge, said her cough was very bad, and she wanted more medicine. Mr. Norton: I have not heard you cough once while you have been in court, and for your annoyance to this gentleman you must pay a penalty of 40s. or one month.

OBTAINING A SITUATION BY A FALSE CHARACTER.—A young man, who gave the name of Thomas Barker, was brought up on a warrant and placed at the bar before the Hon. G. C. Norton, on a charge of obtaining the situation of barman to Mr. Henry Maynard, of the Feather public-house, Lambeth-walk, by means of a false character. Mr. Barker was sworn and, in his examination by Mr. Child, said: I keep the Feather public-house, Lambeth-walk. I advertised for a barman, and on Wednesday last the prisoner applied to me for the situation. He called himself "Joseph Stapp," and said he had lived as barman with Mr. Watts, of the Jubilee public-house, Somers-town, for sixteen or eighteen months. I referred to Mr. Watts for the character of "Joseph Stapp," and was quite satisfied with the account I received from Mr. Watts of him. Mr. Child: From the account you got from Mr. Watts of Joseph Stapp, your impression was that you were about to receive an honest and trustworthy person into your service? Mr. Maynard: It certainly was, and I congratulated myself somewhat on meeting with such a person. The prisoner called on me on the Thursday, and I engaged him to come on the Friday evening; but on the same day (Thursday) Mr. Watts came to me and made a communication to me. Mr. Child: You need not state what Mr. Watts told you, but tell the magistrate what you did in consequence of that communication. Mr. Maynard: When prisoner came to me on the Friday evening, I asked if he was certain he had lived with Mr. Watts, and that Joseph Stapp was his name. He said "Yes," and he had lived with Mr. George in the Edgeware-road before that for about three years. I had obtained a warrant against him at this court, and had an officer and Mr. Watts in the next room. I took the prisoner there to confront Mr. Watts, and on seeing him he said he was very sorry, and that the barman who had left Mr. Watts was not he, but that he was a different person. He said he had lived with a barman who lived with Stapp in Mr. Watts's service. The officer in attendance then took him into custody. Mr. Harry Watts was next called, and said: I kept the Jubilee public-house, Somers-town, was next called, and said: I never in my service, but Joseph Stapp, now present, was. After giving Stapp's character to Mr. Maynard—indeed, almost immediately after—Stapp called on me, and I congratulated him on his being likely to get a good situation, and he told me he knew nothing about it, and had not called on Mr. Maynard. Hearing this, I had no doubt a deception had been practised, and I at once took the prisoner into custody, and he was committed to the House of Correction. Mr. Maynard was here sworn, and said: I live at 72, Clarendon-street, Somers-town, and was in the employment of the last witness, Mr. Watts. I knew the prisoner by sight, through his coming to see another man, Mr. Watts's, who used to live with him, in the service of Mr. Whiston of the Euston-road. One day last week I went to the Bluecoat Boy, in consequence of an advertisement, and met the prisoner there. He asked me how long I had lived with Mr. Watts, and if I left, and I told him. I also told him that I had lived for three years with Mrs. George, in the Edgeware-road, and at the time I did not even know his name. He told me he had been a long time out of the situation, and I gave him a letter I received in answer to an advertisement from Mr. Brandon, of Cable-street, White-chapel, to give him an opportunity of going after a situation there, as I did not like to go to that part of the town, but I did not authorise him to make use of my name or character. It was not likely I should, when it is the only means by which I can get my living. Mr. Child: What you told the prisoner about yourself passed in mere conversation, as between two barmen, in your meeting at the Bluecoat Boy, is it not? Witness: Yes, sir, quite so. Mr. Child: I was speaking to a respectable person of your own name, or character, and presenting a person, nor did you authorise him to refer to Mr. Watts for a character. Witness: Certainly not, sir. I could not think of doing such a thing. This concluded the evidence, and it is but justice to the last witness to say that he gave his testimony in a candid and straightforward manner. Mr. Norton: I suppose this is carried on to a considerable extent, to the great injury of the licensed victualler? Mr. Child: I am sorry to say it is. On Friday evening a number of very queer and suspicious characters were observed about the house of Mr. Maynard, and supposing the purpose of giving the prisoner an "ovation" on getting behind the bar, but the moment they saw him walked away they disappeared. Mr. Norton: I recollect having a number of these cases of false characters to barman brought before me, and I, therefore, think it desirable that inquiries should be made respecting the antecedents of this young man. Prisoner: My character is good, sir, though I own I did wrong. The reason I did so was that my character from my last place was but a short one. Mr. Norton: Where was it from? Prisoner: From the Adam and Eve, Tottenham-court-road, where I lived for a month. Before that I lived at Mr. Whiston's four months, and before that at Mr. Speedy's, for twelve months. Mr. Norton: Well, I shall remand you till Tuesday next, to give time for the necessary inquiries.

HAMPSTEAD.

AN IMPOSTOR.—George Meakin was charged with being an impostor. The case was before the bench, and remained for inquiries to be made. Mr. Rodwell, a barrister, again attended as complainant. He had seen the prisoner at Highgate with his arm much swollen, and presenting a disgusting sight, with a placard before him, "I am starving with hunger." The prisoner told him he had broken his arm, and was, with his family, starving. From his statement he believed he was an impostor, and, on his return, gave him into custody. Sergeant Greenwood produced a certificate from the surgeon of the House of Detention, to the effect that the prisoner had caused the swelling by a tight cord, and that the arm was not broken. The sergeant said that, when brought to the station, the arm was as big as his thigh. The prisoner was not known by the Mendicity Society, and he now said he was sorry for what he had done. Mr. Falconer said he was a disgusting impostor, and sentenced him to two months' imprisonment with hard labour in the House of Correction.



"HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID."—THE THUGS AND THE MUSSULMAN TRAVELLER AT THE THUGS' TEMPLE WELL. (See page 313.)



"HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID."—THE THUGS AND THE MUSSULMAN TRAVELLER AT THE THUGS' TEMPLE WELL. (See page 315.)



"HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID."—"DINNA YE HEAR IT? 'TIS THE SLOGAN O' THE HIGHLANDERS." (See page 315.)

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

THE INTRODUCTION.

ON a calm summer night—that of the 27th of July, in the year 1840—this tale, in truth, begins, and yet we claim to commence its varying chapters with a glimpse, as it were, of this narrative, when its varying events had reached the year of grace, 1857. In the first-named year, and when our tale begins, Jessie Brown was a wee bairn, high up in the heathery Scotland; but it is well to shadow out the meaning of this narrative of a fierce struggle 'twixt fair and dark, 'twixt home and India, by conjuring before the reader, by means of the cunning art of the draughtsman, that scene which will take its proper place in this fairly true story, and when the reader has been carried over many years of this history.

The incident of Jessie Brown, the Scotch lassie, hearing the slogan of the Highlanders even above the booming of the cannonade in the beleaguered presidency of Lucknow, and in the direct extremity of the devoted garrison, was one so romantic and so beautiful, that doubts were thrown on its authenticity. Granting the poetical, the almost improbable picturesque nature of this bit of the Indian mutiny, we must at the same time remember the worn-out, yet nevertheless truthful axiom, that truth is stranger than fiction. Would the wildest romance that ever was written have contained incidents half as wondrous or as romantic as those which occurred during the terrible course of that wild, wicked mutiny? What poem can equal the story of the officer who mortally shot his wife to save her from outrage, and then, quite sure of her escape by death, himself sought the same sweet oblivion. What can exceed the sense of honour displayed by Hodson, who, following his orders, slayed the two sons of the King of Delhi, bidding the bystanders mark how England punished unjust rebels? Or what story will exceed in splendour that of the Judith of Cawnpore, whose noble name, and the heroism of whose great revenge, will help to light up the pure lamp of memory in the great history of our English land?

Our artist has evoked from his knowledge this stirring event of the great relief of Lucknow.

Jessie Brown has been listening with the never-failing ears of the heart. Eyes dilating, frame trembling, voice faltering—hope upon her face.

Gun may thunder, mortar roar, ball whistle, but she still listens.

She hears it—she hears the long, wild, plaintive moan of the pipe—the wild, furious slogan of the hardy Highlanders. She hears the promise of hope, whose sound the dying Wolfe heard at Quebec, and Moore at Corunna—whose wail dismayed Napoleon at Waterloo—whose note piled the heavy Russian face at Balaklava—whose welcome sound stirred the blood of the thin red line of the children of Gael.

"DINNA YE HEAR IT?—DINNA YE HEAR IT? IT'S THE SLOGAN O' THE HIGHLANDERS! WE'RE SAVED!—WE'RE SAVED!"

And louder and louder came the sound, till it ceased, and slept upon victory.

THE PROLOGUE.

Turn we now to the year 1840, and set out plainly, and without any straining after effect, the necessary prologue to this narrative.

As it has been said, it is the night of the 27th of July, and in the year 1840, the spot or point on the Coromandel coast—where, it need not be said, for the catastrophe of this prologue is all that need be known, and the place of its accomplishment has naught to do with us. Accept this statement, then, that the scene was a rocky promontory jutting out into the sea—and, to all appearance, a deserted spot.

All was quiet. The moon, in her first quarter, was sweeping in solitary splendour through the sky; a gentle wind, which barely shook the leaves of the long, sinuous palm-trees, only served to intensify the sleep of nature and of man, while the waters lapped the yellow shore with that hushed sound which can only be compared to the soft kiss of a little child caressing a sleeping infant.

Broadly, before the eye, all was still. But had the watcher crept into the circular and small yellow sanded plain, almost surrounded by the rock which formed the point of the promontory, he would have marked, had he had time permitted him to use his sight, a fierce-looking and unveiled Indian woman, seated on a jagged piece of rock, and clutching at her breast.

Was she old or young? Who could say? She evidently possessed one of those fierce and ungovernable natures from which youth flies, leaving a kind of immature harsh age, which clings to the unhappy possessor till life is worn out by fretting in its human cage, and the weary, angry, unquiet soul rends its way out of the wearied and yielding body, and defiantly takes its flight to the Great Judge.

She sat, as it appeared, alone and unwatched.

In reality, a thousand eyes were upon her—dark, watchful, awful eyes, belonging chiefly to men who, while ruling this woman, held her in awe, partly because of her wild, fierce strength of will and fixity of purpose, but chiefly because, in the intensity of her deep and apparently causeless anger, she would utter wild words and incoherent, yet enthusiastic sentences, in most of which the words "liberty" and "freedom" occurred. The old Eastern belief in the inspiration of both the mad and the partly mentally alienated which prevailed in Jerusalem when the great, merciful Son of Man walked its hot streets barefooted, still dominates most Eastern minds. The words of the mad, and the half-mad, are in a measure sacred.

This woman, we say, was being watched by a thousand eyes, as she sat apparently solitary on that jagged piece of rock. Yet not a human form was to be seen. Still, men were there in many scores. In every spot which yielded a place of concealment they were crouched—in the heart of each palm-tree, in the thick, rank weeds, growing like parasites at the foot of each palm—in the mouth of the great cavern which almost shadowed the seated woman—even in the least shadow which was cast from either of the great boulders of rock lying all about, there lay a man in concealment, his eye upon the seated woman.

Why were they hiding, and why did they watch this woman? They hid because the necessity of concealment was born with them, and they watched the woman because they believed that on this night she would utter a prophecy. 'Twas not difficult for these men to hide, indeed, to conceal themselves was easier than to move openly. It was the business of their lives to creep unseen, to watch unseen, to hate unseen, and to kill unseen. For these men, with this woman at their head, at once their servant and the leader, were Thugs—belonging to that awful Indian race, of whom, after our long Indian dominion, we know naught. They come and go—their mission in life to kill; their awful belief being that, unless they murder so many human creatures, their souls cannot be sufficiently lightened to admit of their rising to heaven.*

* A good writer upon India says, "It is the doctrine of the Thugs to murder in cold blood as many people as possible, in the hope of propitiating the favour of the goddess Kali—which is a minor shape of Shiva, the destroying principle of the Indian Trinity—the Creator, the Life-Sustainer, and the Destroyer." Exactly as in Roman Christianity, a saint is worshipped in order to induce that personage to intercede for the wor-

On that promontory, on that sweet summer night of 1840, the Thugs were expecting a great sacrifice of victims. Even at that early date many Thug tribes were thirsting for rebellion, and perhaps this section was one of the very first to conspire in order to act against the English.

It is supposed that, as a rule, the Thugs travel in scores, twenty men being enough, aided by their women and by the most cruel cunning, to entrap a travelling party, even of stout Englishmen, just numbering their enemies—for, whilst the women have entered a division amongst the Englishmen, others of the Thugs have been dancing before those resting together, while the remainder creep up to the victims with noiseless tread, and with horrible dexterity cast the fatal rope about the fair, broad English necks.

But on this night, and on this promontory, many companies had combined together to offer a sacrifice of slain Englishmen to the great goddess Kali, the Destroyer.

They were assembled there as the consequence of many of the wild ravings of this woman seated on the jagged rock.

Her name was Vengha, the Sybil. She had cried "liberty and freedom" so frequently, that her tribe had grown, by habit merely, to reverence rather than obey her. But when this terrible creature, rising in their midst, spoke words, she fired them with emotion.

"Tarry no more," she had cried. "The great god Shiva and the goddess Kali are angered. Offer the great god a heap of the accursed English on one night, and he will hear you through the swift pleading of the great goddess Kali. You shall be armed with strength, and power shall be given you to drive out the tyrant."

With many cries, they asked her how this was to be done. She answered.

"Kali is great—Shiva greater. Go ye to one of the watching light-houses of the white race. Slay its keepers, and wait a passing ship. 'Twill strike upon the unlit shore, and then let their blood appease the great god Shiva."

With a loud shout the tribe received the half-mad Vengha's suggestion, and hence dated the deep conspiracy which you see here carried out on this promontory on the Coromandel coast.

The combined Thugs, meeting secretly and never travelling in companies, had fixed upon the lighthouse built upon this promontory for the demoniacal fulfilment of their crime, and to this end, having assembled in the neighbourhood, they lay hidden, and rarely seen, in various hiding-places,—all except a few, who were the active operators in the early acts of the conspiracy.

Two of these men made friends with the English lighthouse-keepers, three in number, who were provisioned for two months. Cautious to a degree—caution being one of the virtues imposed upon the lighthouse-keepers,—these devoted men were chary of making friendships with the neighbouring Indians; but the Thug scouts were persevering, so devoted to their infamous cause—in which, as usual, they were ready to lay down their own lives as a kind of sacrifice at the shrine of what a perverted faith told them was a duty,—that the caution of the three Englishmen (or rather two, for the third was a canny Scot, who perhaps, may have opposed the act which must have led to the catastrophe) was entirely overcome in about three weeks, and the Thug scouts had full liberty at the lighthouse of ingress and egress.

The precautions taken must have been very great, or surely the Scotch caution of the Aberdeen man would have resulted in a suspicion which would have led to their safety. But these precautions were successful; for it is very certain that they were equally successful, for the lighthouse-keepers were strangled—as their dead bodies, when discovered, proved—in exact accordance with the strict religious observance of the Thugs, who, it was well known, even then, must strangle their victims, when the Thugs are accustomed to use that mode of death, in a peculiar way, and while the victims are wholly unconscious of their coming fate. Hence it is these ruffians are so careful, even at the present day, to bury their slain so as to exhibit no signs of interment, they well knowing that the discovery of the body must fix the crime upon their awful community.

The lighthouse-keepers killed, the light was extinguished, and ceased to warn the passing vessels that a long cruel rock, only visible at low water, shot out several furlongs into the sea.

For three whole nights had the tribe of the Thugs waited for a shipwrecked vessel, in order to make the great sacrifice, and during that time no white-sailed vessel struck upon the hidden rocks. The Thugs, cowards because murderers, began to dread that the Government should ascertain the blindness of the lighthouse, and send forward a commission of inquiry. Hence the close hiding of the Thugs, which came so natural to them. They were ready to shrink away at the first tramp of the heavy and strong-handed English Feringhees.

A troop of soldiers might have passed over that spot, and in the very midst of those hundreds of Thugs, and not have discovered even the trace of one, for the tribe, having been living in secrecy so many thousand years, are adepts in hiding the traces, even the faintest, of their whereabouts.

That very night they had murmured as Vengha passed near them, complaining of her, as all the worshippers of false gods and prophets do, who think themselves neglected by their deities.

The weird woman had stopped many times and cried, "Wait till the waters rise and are angry, and till the winds rise and are enraged, and the vessel, white-sailed and heavy-laden, shall appear before you, and Kali shall smile."

Many of the Thugs had thereupon gazed into the calm air, and watched the bright moon, and some had cried that the storm was away in the mountains.

"Nay," cried Vengha, "it touches my nostrils. I tell ye the storm and the sacrifice, the hour and the moment, are at hand. Wait, and wait patiently."

Thus speaking, she sat down on the rock, wrapped her white drapery about her limbs, thin form, and so remained, watched by a thousand dark, cruel, half-reliant eyes.

Suddenly, after an hour had past, the eyes and heads swept reverently as a peal of thunder was heard. As it onward swept through the still, clear, moonlit sky, Vengha rose from the rock, and swiftly stretched out her arms, as though invoking the storm, and as she moved, every forehead of those five hundred men touched the ground.

Swiftly, like a flood, the storm was over the water, and over the land. We, of this temperate and equal climate, can barely compre-

shipper with the deity, so the Thugs, sufficiently humble not to address Shiva himself, except on great occasions, adore Kali, in the hope that she will intercede for them with the destroying god of their faith. The sect of Thugs is divided into three sub-divisions, and is spread over the whole of India. But although they have existed many thousands of years, committing the most brutal and systematic murder upon all kinds of victims, it is only during the past few years that their actual existence has been known, and their horrid belief discovered. It appears that each division has a different method of destroying those whom they determine to offer as victims of sacrifice. They either strangle from behind, stab from behind, or poison by means of the friendly hookah. Each division adheres to its mode of taking life. Colonel Sleeman has written what he calls a history of the Thugs. It is a very imperfect and sketchy work. In it is mentioned that an old member of this infamous community confessed to having murdered six hundred persons during his life-time, and even boasted of the stratagems he had employed to avoid detection. The bodies of the victims are sometimes thrown into wells, or left to the jackal or the vulture. But their assassin mode is only practised when there is no time allowed for the exercise of the devilish execution by which they are distinguished. Their scheme is not to betray a murder by evidences which might lead to their own destruction. Their endeavour is simply to cause the disappearance of the victim. He is generally buried with vast care, so that no signs of interment shall be discovered. Then the hand breaks up, and meet elsewhere, once more to ingratiate themselves with a new victim, and destroy him also in his turn.

hend the awfully rapid approach of the Indian storm. It is like the rage of a Spanish gipsy, which is not, and which is, almost in the same moment.

Up rose the water, changing from fearful blue to angry black, heaving and waving like the breast of the demon. The earth shook, and the leaves, flinching, showed their pale under surfaces, so that they appeared as though they blanched in the presence of the wind.

The Thugs, in the presence of "the Destroyer"—for they believe that when the storm rages that Shiva, the god of destruction, their chief deity, is passing—kept their faces to the ground, and with trembling hearts heard Vengha reiterating the prophecy.

No longer had they any doubt of her as one whom the gods favoured—for was she not standing fearless in the tempest? They heard her words and tremble.

"Throughout an age," she cries, wildly beating about her arms as the storm rises higher, and as the lightning flashes so that the air seems to hiss—"throughout an age, India has bowed the head to the English stranger. But she shall be free! In the midst of the tempest Shiva, god of evil, shall rise, and, sweeping over the sea, cast his sacrifice in our hands. See ye that these hands be strong enough to break the chains of slavery, and rend with them every tyrant in the land. Listen—listen! Shiva, the great god, passes, and his sacrifice is near. The ship is coming, for my blood runs joyfully. The ship is here!"

Speaking thus, she fell to the earth, and as she did so, the crash-sound of a large ship striking a rock—a sound, once heard, never to be forgotten—mingled with the storm.

One vast shout of "Glory to Shiva!" seethed in the air, and then the Thugs poured out upon the beach.

So, murdering by the extinction of the good light-house lamp, they thought, poor ignorant people, a god had favoured them.

A few moments, and a tent was raised upon the beach; and as the minute gun began booming over the sea, and in the midst of the war of the elements, a score of torches were swung about from side to side.

But not all the Thugs were on the beach, for many had fallen to digging graves, carefully drawing back the coarse grass and weeds, and not allowing a single fragment of dirt to fall upon them.

Boats were produced from many a hidden place, and were soon launched upon the angry waters.

Strange, inexplicable faith was that of the Thugs. They risked their own lives to save those of the shipwrecked crew, and preserved from death but to bestow it.

The light boats, fully twenty, if not a greater number (for we have the history of that dark night's work as a tradition heard by one who passively took part in that shameful work) rose lightly over the waves, and were soon surrounding the ship, lured so fatally to her own destruction. The captain, not seeing the light, had supposed himself miles from the coast, had brought the vessel round, and gone sheer upon the rock which jutted from the end of the promontory.

Not one of the ship's crew was lost to the sacrifice. The light boats brought all to the shore—even to the poor little cabin boys.

The Thugs smiled upon their victims as they pulled them to the shore, and all being safe and surrounded by their enemies, Vengha rose from the ground, and once more cried, "Glory to Shiva, the Destroyer."

"Glory to God, the Saviour," thereon cried a bright English voice. It came from a fair-haired, broad chested man, about whom was clinging a young and fragile woman, who seemed to have been ailing for a long time. The Christian gentleman had uttered the words as an instinctive protest against Vengha's words.

"George," said the young woman, "ask these people for firing; I am cold."

"Friend Indians," said the young Englishman, speaking the ordinary language of that part of the country, to be in a manner partially understood, "for friends you must be, since you have saved us from the storm, take all our loving thanks, and they shall weigh heavy, for many of us are not poor. You may not be Christians, but you have acted like the best of them; and so heartily we all thank you. But why do you stand so silent and grave, now that we have reached the shore? And see—this is my wife, and she trembles with the cold. Make us, poor shipwrecked people, a brave fire, good friends."

Still not a sound from the Thugs.

They waited Vengha's sign.

She came forward proudly.

"She who is thy wife—has she children?"

"We have one little one, to whom we are travelling; and whom, thanks to you, we shall see again, as we all shall see our children and dear ones again, thanks to you, kind friends."

"Who dares call us friends?"

"Are you not?" asked the Englishman.

For an answer the eer turned round, raised her hands, and in a terrible voice said, "KILL!"

In the next moment, the Thugs, like tigers leaping on their prey, rushed at the weakened, surrounded, and panic-stricken English, and began destroying them. Had they had a good rock to their backs, and a minute's preparation, all would even then have been well. Had they had a good rock to their back, and a minute's preparation, to place the women and children in their centre and to form a faced circle at their enemies, they might have conquered. But in a moment, and in their midst, with arms encumbered by the weight of wives, children, and many weak men and women, the enemy, which had seemed a friend, turned upon them, and in the moment's panic which succeeded, they were lost. By the time the English began battling, half of them were strangled, and all were broken up into little and far separated groups.

In the midst stood Vengha, triumphant.

"Stand back!" cried the English gentleman, who had acted as spokesman. "Oh, for an arm!—oh, to die fighting! Stand back, you black beggars!" he cried, folding his great fists as several Thugs approached him, "for I can strangle also!"

But all the wife said was, "Our Tiny—I am so glad our Tiny is not here."

And even at that pass Vengha saw her put a miniature about her neck, to her lips.

Tiny must have really been her daughter, for it is only a mother who, in the grip of death, thanks heaven for the safety of her little one.

Meanwhile, the Thugs, who were approaching this desperate Englishman, showed their fear even in their dark skins, which grew partly pallid.

Suddenly turning to Vengha, the young mother half flung herself upon her knees before the implacable Indian.

"Let us live—we have been so happy! This is my husband. We have a little child at Calcutta. We love one another so deeply that we cannot die. We have done no harm, and some good. We are rich, and will pay a great ransom. Oh, let us live; cast us not in the grave I see is still gaping!"

"You would be glad to live at any price?" asked Vengha, in clear, good English.

"Yes!" the young lady replied, now wholly sinking on her knees.

"What, kneeling to such wretches!" cried the husband. "Up—up, and face them!"

"Listen!" cried Vengha, on whose face an awful light was growing. "You are the perfection of a sacrifice, and you yourselves do make it so. The law of the great god Shiva says, the more the victim loves the life, the nearer perfect his youth and beauty, the deeper his cry of agony, the less desirous his soul to flee his bode, the more the great god Shiva smiles upon his death, and the more willing is he to remove the sacrifice. See you—you English father and mother, yearning towards your little one, never again

to be seen by either—we seek by this mountain of sacrifice to propitiate the great god Shiva, and free our land of such as you. If the god hear us, you will have aided in the destruction of your countrymen."

The froth of mad rage was on the woman's lips as she spoke. "We are lost!" said the young wife and mother.

"Your words, Madge," whispered the husband, "have but made our deaths more sure. Let them not enjoy our miserable agony."

Then, rapidly kissing his wife, but even then not taking his eyes off their enemies, he flung himself before the wife whose face he dared not look upon, and cried, "Come on, you black devils, and do your worst!"

He struck at and beat down a score of the cowards as they rushed upon him. But their bloody work was almost over. Hence the number he had to war against formed a great wall about him.

Still he fought, hailing great blows upon the faces and heads of the enemy. As it was, he fell by the coward advantage they took of the moment when, his wife uttering a final cry, he turned his head.

The next moment his brave English face was black and horribly distorted under the murderous pressure of the handkerchief.

It had taken a round dozen of Thugs to hold him while the murder was completed.

All dead—the quick, hurried burial was begun.

With the aptitude of custom the bodies were laid in the graves, and the earth they displaced thrown into the sea, the turf and weeds were re-arranged over the stilled forms, and soon no trace remained of the sacrifices. The ground was level and unblood-stained. Even Nature appeared to have participated in the crime, for the shrubs and weed which had been rolled back for the making of the graves sprang upward once more, and so hid the secret with the seeming lie that the earth had not been recently disturbed beneath it.

As they completed their work, the Thugs turned to their triumphant priestess, and crossing their arms they awaited her command. They yielded to her now. Had she commanded, each had been ready to die, for by this great sacrifice each had slain sufficient victims to assure his belief of a certain immortality.

Vengha stood immovable till the last face was turned towards her, and the last wicked hands rested from their labour and were crossed upon the breast.

Then she spoke.

"To the temple! Kneel to the goddess Kali! E'en now ye are not worthy to appeal to the great god Shiva himself. To the temple—to the temple!"

A loud murmur greeted her; and then, as she ran through their ranks, they followed her, some touching her white robe, as though they hoped thereby to gain some new virtue, or strengthen what they had.

Fiercely, and with triumphant cries, the host, beating each other backwards and forwards in their rage to be near their triumphant priestess, they sped forward, beards beating, and looks triumphant, to the small temple of the goddess Kali, the propitiatrix of the greater god, Shiva.

A thing strewn in triumphant wickedness.

And now the temple is reached, and they fall back in awe, and fix their eyes upon the form of Vengha.

She looks more than human as she stands in the flickering light cast upon her by the torches which are surging about her.

"Bring forth the form of the goddess!" she cries, "and let it look upon the scene of the sacrifice!"

A loud murmur of applause greeted her direction, and then pell-mell, and yet with a fierce kind of reverence, the crowd of Thugs besieged the temple of the goddess Kali.

Vengha stood without and apart. She commanded the mob of ruffians, but she could not overpower herself. What passion swayed her as she swayed the Thugs? What will conquered her as she conquered her companions? This no man learnt, for she died with her secret held perversely back.

There she stood, warring with herself, till the flooding anew of the thick wood by the light of the torches recalled her to herself once more. But the terribly triumphant mass of Thugs were dancing and gesticulating around the form of the goddess Kali, which was borne in their midst, and upon the fortunate shoulders of those who had proved themselves the strongest.

And now began the triumphant march through the forest towards the promontory upon which the English ship, with its English crew, had struck, and had been lost.

On they came, for the time triumphant.

The image of Kali is fearfully hideous. She has three eyes, as emblematic of her sleepless watchfulness, one being in the centre of her forehead; she has four arms, to show her strength and dexterity, two on each side, the lower ones holding the heads of victims and in one of the upper ones a murderous knife. Round her neck this creation of assassination wears a chain of human skulls, and her body is draped in a dark, blood-coloured tunic.

The jubilant crowd brought the image to the spot beneath which lay at peace the still warm bodies of the English ship's passengers and crew, and then, setting the image down upon this worthy resting-place for a creature so infamous, they fell flat upon their faces, with thousands of cries of adoration and delight.

But the voice of Vengha was heard, and each wretch trembled.

"The sacrifice is not complete!" she cried.

The prostrate masses shivered; and some of them, trembling, turned and looked upon the face of the sybil. Her lips were pale—her eyes were bright.

"Where lies its accomplishment?" asked he who appeared to be almost a leader of these fanatics.

"In the transmutation of a human soul," she replied, without looking upon her interlocutor. Her eyes were fixed and far away over the still seething sea.

"Carry the great goddess back to the temple," Vengha continued, "and return here, and wait, and pray. As the great god Shiva sent here to us the cargoed sacrifice, so he will send the accomplishment of the sacrifice."

They hesitated, then bowed.

The image of the goddess was then again raised upon the shoulders of the bearers; but now with no signs of delight. Heads bowed, feet heavy, eyes drooping, and hands clasped, they moved in a long praying procession back to the temple. But their prayers were in accordance with the horrid image, whatever their appearance might be. Their prayer was not of the Christian prayer of pity and forgiveness, but the prayer of revenge and hate. "Vengeance is mine alone," saith the Lord; and yet man prays for vengeance, poor creature, as though heaven could be moved to anger by prayer.

Scarcely any sound was heard as they carried the image back to her temple, as they set it on its pedestal, and let fall the crimson curtain before it. Scarcely a sound was heard as they returned to the spot upon which Vengha still stood, her sight streaming forth over the sea.

They prostrated themselves before her, and then became utterly silent. Now not a human sound broke the almost stillness of the

night, for the storm was past; and the water abating its rage, its roll upon the beach was to be heard, but the beach was so sheltered that the sound was musical.

"Not to-night!" she said,—"not to-night!"

The words caused the Thugs to rise mournfully.

"Nor this year!" she added.

A deep, heavy moan was the answer returned.

Then she spoke once more.

"Here, on this spot, where the sacrifice was made, meet in the next year, all of ye. By that time, I will have completed the sacrifice, and I will show to ye the transmutation of a human soul!"

Three times they saluted her, and then commingling amongst each other, and uttering certain distinctive cries, the mass slowly arranged themselves into about two dozen groups of about a score each.

Then, once more silently saluting Vengha, the whole of these groups, with the exception of one, turned, and, with arms crossed upon their breasts, they departed as they came, slowly and silently.

The remaining group stood away from the sybil, and also stood away from their apparent chief, who now approached Vengha.

By the way, it should be remarked that this group was composed of the best dresses and best appointed men in the whole mass of those who had assisted at these unholy rites.

"Vengha," this individual said.

"It is well, Nena," she said to him who addressed her, an Indian who appeared to be about seventeen years of age.

This was all that was said.

He turned away, and several attendants, dividing themselves from the group, stood about him, while another disappeared, and in a few minutes appeared with a horse. One of the attendants then knelt and held the wide stirrup, and he who had been called "Nena" got into the saddle. He turned his horse's head northwards, and as he did so, several horsemen, apparently his retainers, appeared ready to wait upon him.

All except Vengha prostrated themselves, and so they remained till the sound of his horse's hoofs died away.

"To the work—to the work!" said Vengha, in a low voice.

And with these words, the last her waning strength permitted her for the time to use, she fell wearily upon the ground.

The crew of the English ship had been hidden in the ground a whole week, and the blindness of the lighthouse had not yet been discovered, when a little group of travellers might have been seen journeying with the now setting sun upon their left.

It was clear, then, they were making for the north.

This little company consisted of a gentleman, who appeared to be the leader of the party. He was dressed in the Persian fashion, which proclaimed him a Mussulman gentleman. A broad, open face, bright black beard, and full, open neck, gave him a prepossessing appearance, which was not belied by any evil expression. He rode an Arabian horse, and slowly, to keep pace with a palanquin, within which was an ailing little girl and an ayah.

The little girl was fair-haired, fair-skinned, and blue-eyed—no Eastern blood flowed in her veins, it was evident—and, to be plain and candid, she was an English child, and of purely English parents.

The party was completed by a couple of armed attendants, and several servants and palanquin-bearers.

It is as well to state at once that this Mussulman gentleman fell a victim, beyond any doubt, to a party of Thugs. It was beyond all question he whose murder was confessed to by a party of imprisoned Thugs, in 1853, to Colonel Sleeman, who was commissioned by the government of the East India Company to suppress that body.

And, before relating the particulars of that confession, it is well that we should set down the narrative given by the gentleman in question the last time he was seen by friendly eyes upon this earth. Upon that occasion he had stopped at the bungalow of an English officer in the neighbourhood of Meerut.

His statement was this:—

He was Haroun Elmalbeb, a Mussulman gentleman, and lately an officer in the service of the company, retired in consequence of the acquisition by will of a large fortune. Friendly with the English, and especially with a Captain Fierson, he remained in Calcutta, where he kept an establishment. The little girl travelling with him was the only daughter of Captain Fierson. The captain and his wife had been called to Alexandria on business, where they were to meet certain parties come out from England. Undesirous of subjecting their child to the fatigues of the journey to Alexandria and back, the parents had been desirous of leaving the girl with a companion officer-in-arms of the husband, but the Mussulman gentleman in question had pleaded so hard to have the care of the little girl, that the parents had yielded. About the time when the mail-boat was expected, and by which the parents would in all probability return, the little girl fell ill of that wasting sickness which "your white race," said the traveller, "suffer from when in India." The Mussulman continued, that, desirous of doing his duty to the child in question, he himself was travelling with it to the hill-station.

So far, then, the Mussulman gentleman gave the history of his presence near Meerut. Asked by the hospitable young officer whether he had so far had pleasant travelling, the gentleman showed some anxiety of countenance, and expressed his belief that he had been followed by Thug scouts. His statement was to the effect that, having crossed to the left bank of the river (Ganges), he came upon a group of men of repulsive appearance, who appeared to be journeying the same road as himself. They addressed him in the most humble tones, and sought in every way to get into conversation with him, but he was on his guard against Thugs, and quietly recommended the travellers to leave him to continue his way. He added that they used all their art to remove the suspicions they at once must have seen he entertained—but it was in vain, growing impatient, he ordered them, in a towering voice, to be off, and they obeyed him.

But it was with a somewhat disturbed countenance the Mussulman continued, that on the following day he again came upon them, when they presented an appearance somewhat different from that of the previous day. They were all apparently Mussulmans, and as he approached them they turned and addressed him upon the dangers of the road, and begged that he would allow them to place themselves under his protection. He made no reply, the Mussulman gentleman continued, to their overtures, and, as they neared him he fixed his eyes upon them, placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and threatened that, unless they immediately departed, he would send their heads flying from their shoulders.

[By the way, it should be added this gentleman was a powerful man, and in addition he carried a brace of pistols and a bow.]

He continued:—

In the evening another band of travellers, while resting at the same caravansary as he, made friends with his servants, and on joining them on the road at daybreak the travellers endeavoured to get into conversation with him. He again peremptorily declined their company. (a)

The English officer, of whose hospitality the Mussulman was taking, offered an escort on the road for the next fifty miles, but the Mussulman gentleman, rather haughtily, it is said, declined the aid, and set out as he had come.

He was never heard of or seen again.

Now, in its proper place, we insert the narrative of an imprisoned Thug.

His description of the party totally coincided with that of the English officer already referred to. There can be no doubt on this point. Narrative, place, and date all perfectly agree. It is certain that on the day after that on which the Mussulman gentleman expressed himself uneasily to the English officer (a Colonel Palk), he and his attendants and young charge came upon a party of apparently high caste Hindoos, who had made a halt at one of the Temple wells so frequent in the Indian desert.

The Thug whose confession we have quoted declared that the Mussulman had not the least suspicion, which was not improbable, for the Thugs are wretchedly poor, as a rule, and it is evident the appearance of this party, which was the destruction of the traveller in question, gave evidences of wealth not in accordance with the fact of their being Thugs.

It appears this gentleman willingly descended from his steed, and, accepting the portion of the carpet of the apparent aged leader of the company, he laid aside his slippers and arms, as is usual in such cases.

Nothing gave him the least suspicion. It was natural that his servant should be tending the horses, and he himself yielded to the request of the little girl's ayah to bathe her in the fresh cold water of the desert well.

He was, therefore, seated entirely alone, surrounded by the enemy.

"Vengha," said the confessing Thug "beat the tambourine, the soft pipe I played, and the softer strings of the guitar (b) were there. He had no fear. We who sat about did not look beyond him, or he would have turned, and might have shed our blood. Over us all was the shadow of the banyan tree. Suddenly, and in a moment, he was dead. The servant of Kali was behind him with the lasso, and in a moment his life was gone. Our spies had followed him four days, and had been unable to win his confidence; but from his servants we learned his road, and he ended his journey beneath the banyan tree, and by the cool well. We buried him and his servants, as we are bound to bury our victims, the head of one on the feet of him below. But that is not all. The victims were dead—all but one, a little, fair girl. The child sat, stilled by fear, against the well. Vengha rose.

"Priestess," said we, "shall we kill?"

"No!"

"Then we fell back."

"Then Vengha raised her hand to the bright sky, as she said 'Shiva, thou art comprehended, and thou art obeyed; the sacrifice is complete by the transmutation of a soul'."

"Then she took the child up, placed her hand upon the Feringhee's forehead, and kissed her head."

"And we fell upon our faces once more, for upon the face of Vengha there was a bright light."

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

[The tale to be continued in our next.]

tending to be tired, she sits under a tree, and takes out a tinder-box from her bag to strike fire for smoking. In the meantime, one of us Thugs arriving there, the traveller naturally dislikes such an intrusion; but the woman pacifies him by telling him "he is my husband or brother, and will soon go away about his business, after taking a little fire, and then we will smoke and talk at leisure." During this talk, if the traveller is not enough off his guard in smoking, drinking, &c., she, as if by accident, removes such a part of his dress as naturally very soon attracts his whole attention. And then any of us Thugs, throwing a handkerchief like this (extricating a long silk handkerchief with a knot,) over his neck, gives him a pull, which brings him down senseless. He, however, shakes his hands and legs a little, which are instantly silenced. His person is then searched, and immediately interred at the same spot, and we pursue our way separately, engaging to meet again at a certain place on a certain day.

(b). This is not the true name of the instrument; but in this and other cases we use well-known equivalents.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Few actors or actresses of late years have made for themselves a greater popularity than Miss Bateman, in the play of "Leah," now performing at this house. Of her wonderful impersonation of the Jewess we have before had occasion to speak. We, on page 316, introduced a scene on a small scale from the drama, and at the same time a view of this, one of the most elegant and comfortable houses in the metropolis.

THE BATTLE OF OHICAMAUGA.

The illustration in page 317 represents the last attack of the Confederate troops upon the centre of General Rosecrantz's army, previous to its retreat upon Chattanooga.

AN IMPUDENT LETTER-WRITER HORSEWHIPPED.—A few days ago a case of well-merited horsewhipping took place in a house not far from Caldwel-bridge. For some time past certain young ladies in this neighbourhood had been much annoyed by the impudent communications of an unknown correspondent, and means were taken to discover his whereabouts, and reply to some of the communications in an impressive style. The right track having been discovered, the brother of one of the young ladies called upon the scribbler a few days ago, and was admitted to his presence. On being left alone, the visitor locked the door and producing one of the letters, said to the youth, "You wrote that,"—a piece of information which did not seem to be altogether new to him. It was of no use denying the fact, and the visitor then proceeded to read his reply, and taking a whip from his pocket administered a sound thrashing on the back of the offender, who shouted long before he had received the whole of his reward. The housekeeper, hearing the row, proceeded to see what was the cause, but her interference had been anticipated when the door was locked. On finishing the whipping the youth was invited to take a turn at fistiana, but expressed himself quite satisfied with what he had got, and received a few good thumps in addition. He was then told to write an apology for his conduct, but his ideas being now so confused he could not draw one up, but his tormentor relieved him of any thought by dictating one which he committed to writing, and thereby afforded another proof of his guilt. In the meantime the lady of the house had brought assistance, and access to the room having been gained the ladies' correspondent was protected from further injury, and his visitor quitted the room, leaving traces of his visit on the offender's back.—*Carlisle Journal*.

A FOOD AND LUXURY WITHOUT A FAULT.—No parent or invalid should fail to buy Matzena. It was reported by the jury of the late Exhibition "Exceedingly excellent for food," and obtained the two prize medals, being the sole awards gained by any article of its kind. Matzena is highly recommended by our first physicians as the best, lightest, most palatable, and most nutritious food for invalids and children, and prepared according to the directions given, it may be made into the most delicious cakes, custards, puddings, blanc manges, and other exquisite dishes, effecting a wonderful saving in eggs, sugar, &c.—[Advertisement.]

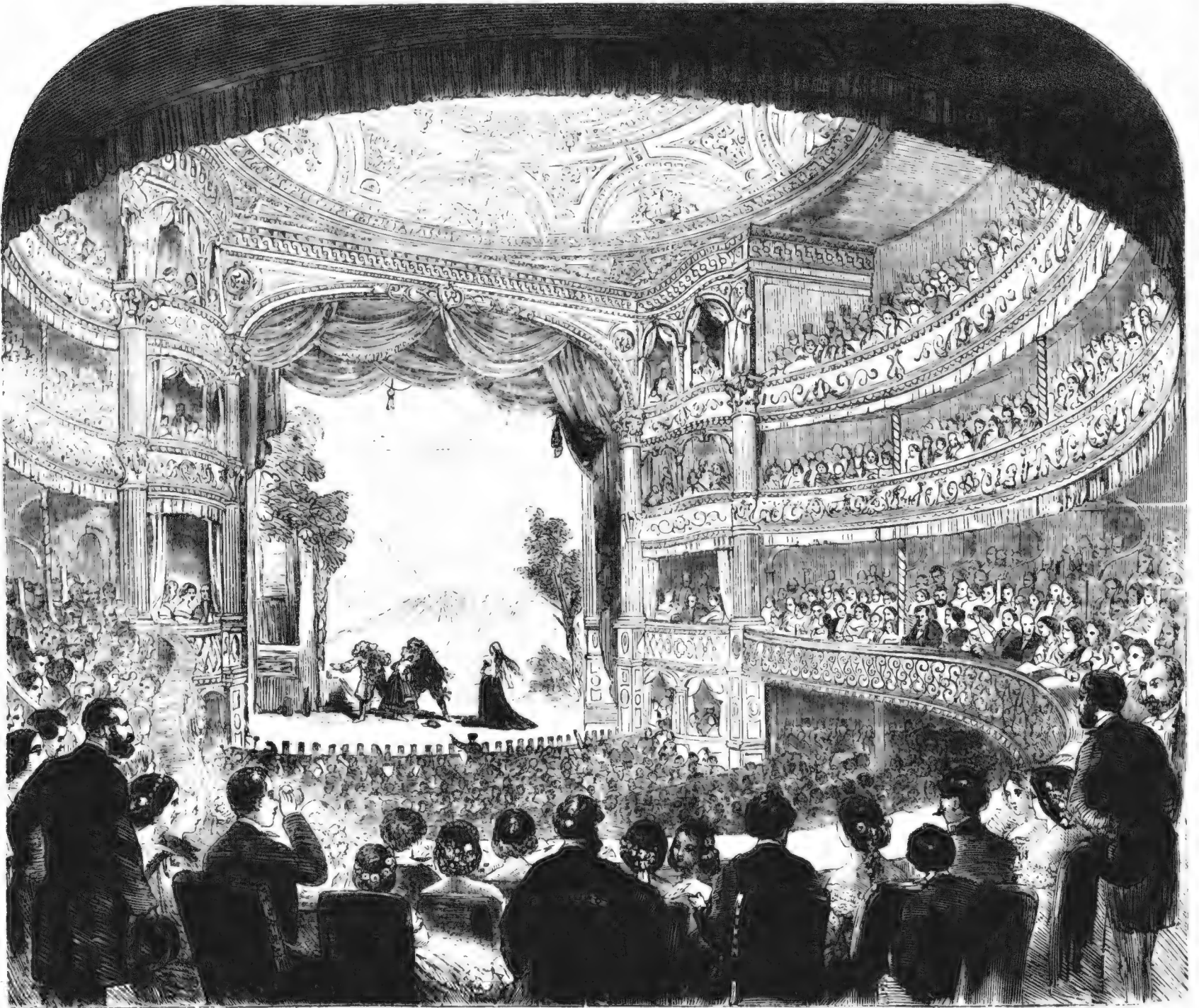
HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living on this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Pudding, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWKICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

* KALI.—The goddess Kali claims in the course of the year a festival, which is called the Kali Poojah. The chief temple of the goddess Kali is at Calcutta, on the banks of the Ganges, and of an evening it is crowded by Hindoos, who come to see the sacrifice which is offered at the threshold in the shape of a lamb or a kid. On ordinary occasions the figure of the goddess is concealed behind a curtain, which is only raised by an attendant priest if the devotees who come to pray are liberal in their money offerings. The Kali Poojah lasts fifteen days, during which time the image of the goddess is carried by torchlight through the land, followed by crowds of fanatics deformed, diseased, and maddened with opium, and by musicians and minstrels, who chant songs in praise of this, the goddess of destruction.

(a) Some idea of the stratagems used to gain their end by the Thugs may be obtained by the following extract from the autobiography of Lutfallah (a native Indian). This man was instructed by a Thug, as to the modes in which unwary travellers are entrapped and slain on the Indian roads. "We adopt various modes," said this mild Hindoo, "in making ourselves familiar with travellers, by appearing to them as mendicants, by engaging to be their guides, &c. and even by acting as pimps for them. A woman attracts a traveller's attention, and fascinating him in her enchanting conversation, she leads him apart from the road, and then, pre-



"HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID."—THE THUGS CONVEYING THE GODDESS KALI TO THE TEMPLE (See page 315.)



THE INTERIOR OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE—SCENE FROM "LEAH." (See page 315.)

HERR HERMANN, THE CONJUROR.

THE portrait we here give is that of Herr Hermann, who is exciting the curiosity and admiration of large audiences nightly by his surprising sleight-of-hand feats. With theatrical attractions springing up in every direction, Herr Hermann, the "Prestidigitateur," well maintains his ground at the Princess's, and all who witness his performance are convinced that so consummate a master of his art is rarely to be found. In the "experiments" of most professors of legerdemain there is generally some gap which, in the opinion of the more acute spectators, is likely to conceal the hidden link of cause to effect which alone prevents the skilful trick from being a real miracle. But such is the perfect neatness and finish of Herr Hermann, that with the severest scrutiny you do not detect a weak point. One object is changed to another without apparently quitting your sight during the moment of transition, and when he discovers the card that is the object of your thought there are no means of perceiving how your secret choice could possibly have come under his cognizance; nor does he have recourse to the common stratagem of diverting the attention of the spectators from the operations that would naturally concentrate the interest. He always keeps as close to his public as he can, and courts their vigilance that his superior dexterity may be legitimately triumphant. Many of his tricks, it should be remarked, are entirely new to this country, though they have commanded the admiration of the leading capitals of Europe.

THE POPE AND THE SOLDIER.

THE religious journal, the *Union*, tells the following story of the Pope and a French soldier:—

Pius IX gave orders long since that the French soldiers garrisoned at Rome should be allowed free entrance to the halls and galleries of the Vatican. When the Pope goes from one room to another he sees the soldiers and converses familiarly with them. He knows many of them by name; he speaks to them of their native home, inquires after their families, and blesses them. The



HERR HERMANN, THE PRESTIDIGITATEUR.

soldiers, down on their knees, form a double rank, through which the sovereign pontiff passes. Their attitude reveals simple piety, and the most profound veneration for the venerated chief of the Catholic world. The other day, one of these honest soldiers came out of the ranks, approached Pius IX, and with a military salute said to him, "I beg pardon, my Pope, but I have something to say to you."

The Pope told him to say on.

The soldier: We are all mortal, and we know not the hour of our death. Will you, my Pope, be good enough to write with your holy hand a plenary indulgence for the time when I shall come to die?

The Pope: I should be most delighted, my friend, but have no writing materials here.

The soldier drew from his pocket a little stump of a pencil, saying, "Here, my Pope, is the needful."

The Pope: But that is not enough: I must have paper as well.

The soldier at once handed a slip of paper to the Holy Father.

The Pope: Yes, but that will not do either. How am I to write without a table?

The soldier: Here is my kepi.

The Pope: Oh, that is capital! Now I have a complete writing-desk.

Pius IX then wrote the indulgence asked for, and gave it to the soldier with many kind words.

The soldier, quivering with emotion, cried out, "Thank you—thank you, my Holy Pope, who are just like God when He was upon earth—you go about doing good."

FOUNDING A FAMILY.—A German, named Heoflich, residing five miles west of La Crescent, was married in Portage, in November, 1860, to a healthy German girl. The week after they married they moved to Minnesota, on the farm which they now occupy. In August, 1861, Mrs. Heoflich gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived. In June, 1862, she gave birth to three boys and a girl; two of the boys and the girl are living. On the 5th of this month she gave birth to two girls and a boy, all of whom were, as late as Tuesday of this week, alive and well. Ten children in less than three years is pretty good, even for this vicinity.—*American Paper*.



THE BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA. (See page 315.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The opening of this theatre for a few representations of "Faust," &c., has been, we are happy to record, not only a great treat to the lovers of Italian opera interpreted as it has been by the first talent, but a perfect success in a commercial point of view, all boxes, stalls, &c., having been disposed of at an early period. Were it not for the engagements on the Continent, the season would, of course, have been prolonged. "Faust" is to be given most positively for the last time this evening. It will be revived on the opening of the house in April next.

COVENT GARDEN.—Wallace's opera, "The Desert Flower," continues to be represented every evening. The following pieces are nightly encored:—"Why throbs this heart with rapture new?" sung by Miss Pyne; "Though born in woods," by Mr. Harrison; and Mr. Weiss's ballad, "The pangs of unrequited love." They are most engaging and attractive melodies. No change in the programme is yet spoken of.

DRURY LANE.—"Manfred" has this week been preceded by "Gone to Texas," and followed by the musical farce, "A Roland for an Oliver." The theatre continues to be filled to overflowing.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Charles Mathews, fresh from the scene of his Parisian triumphs, re-appeared on Monday at this house. On his entrance as Plumper, in "Cool as a Cucumber" (Un-Anglais Timide), acclamations that lasted for several minutes, renewed again and again from a crowded house, showed the extreme delight with which metropolitan playgoers witnessed his return amongst them. It is in this character Mr. Mathews has for forty nights, in their own language, been delighting the Parisians at Paris. The piece is a mere trifle, and in other hands would call for no remarks. It may sufficiently refresh the memory of the theatrical public if we remind them that Plumper, the hero of this whimsical sketch, is an originally diffident young gentleman, who, having been sent abroad by his father to get cured of his excessive timidity by a course of continental travel, returns the very incarnation of impudence. He has met on the Rhine a fellow-tourist, whose cigar-case being inscribed with the name of Barkins, induces a belief that the possessor must bear that patronymic. A similar name appearing on the brass-plate of a door that he passes when he comes back to England suggests to the impulsive Plumper that the owner of the house must be the father of the traveller he met in Germany. He calls, makes himself perfectly at home with the inmates, rearranges the furniture according to his own taste, monopolises the whole of the conversation, and, finally—discovering that the cigar-case which he fancied had justified his introducing himself to the family was only a love token, lost by the real Barkins, that had fallen into the hands of a stranger—he insists upon seeing the pair of lovers married forthwith, and on having the parental blessing duly bestowed. As the elder Barkins is refractory on this score, the curtain falls before the sanction is secured; but whilst Plumper is commenting on the absurdity of such a refusal, the old gentleman relents, and the scene once more is revealed with the happy couple receiving from the usurping dictator of the family arrangements a benediction, and promise of future protection, symbolized by the outspreading of his umbrella over the group. The farce was followed by a revival of Mr. Planché's extravaganza of "The Golden Fleece," brought out here as the Easter piece of 1845, and originally written in ingenious mimicry of the English version of "Antigone," that had been produced on the Covent Garden stage a few weeks previously. Few of the author's pieces contain smarter dialogue or songs more pungently satirical; but it may be doubted whether a public inured to the constant piling up of the agony of puns in these entertainments are prepared to enjoy the simplicity of the wit thus presented. The very nature of the piece connects it with a bygone period of theatrical history, and some of the allusions require a vivid remembrance of the past to render them intelligible. A dead joke rides fast, and the ephemeral form of burlesque does not qualify it to flutter out an existence beyond the day. Mr. Planché's neat couplets are, however, always pleasant to hear, and those epigrammatic lines that sparkle with the crystallisation of a happy thought are never out of date. The object of its present reproduction is obviously to afford Mrs. Charles Mathews the opportunity of appearing as Medea, a character of late frequently figuring in a dramatic programme; and whilst we may compliment the lady on her personal appearance fully justifying her choice of the embodiment, we may add that the excellence of her performance marks a fresh stage in her dramatic career. Full of playful animation in the first part, and replete with artistic feeling and effective energy in the second, the applause liberally bestowed was as honestly earned. As the Chorus, Mr. Charles Mathews gives us another proof of his remarkable powers for rendering with rattling volubility a succession of rhythmical lines, in which every rapidly-uttered syllable is most distinctly enunciated, and the once famous song of "The Dream" associated with the part, and to be praised in a literary point of view as a singularly clever piece of nonsense-writing, went off with as much spirit as ever. Miss Louise Keeley and Mr. Compton were advantageously included in the cast as Jason and the duplex king, Ates and Creon; and the curtain fell on renewed rounds of applause.

LYCEUM.—Much interest is manifested in theatrical circles to see the new production of Mr. Fechter, "Bel Demonio," it being known that great exertions have been used to improve, if it be possible, on the admirable drama of last season, "The Duke's Motto." We understand, not only have the flies and other portions of the stage arrangement been done away with, in imitation of the Parisian theatres, but the whole of the auditorium has been cleared away and rebuilt. The lessee is, indeed, moving with the times.

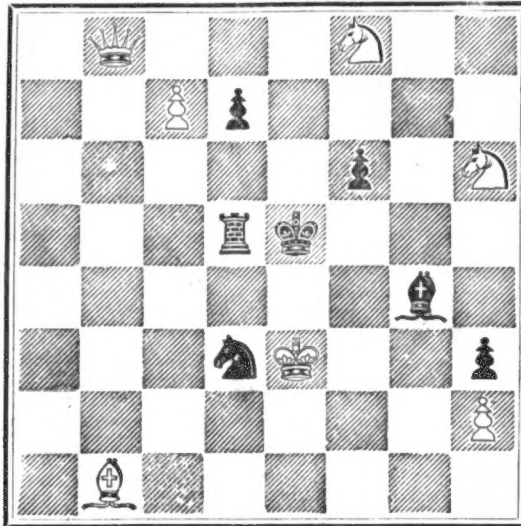
SURREY.—The play of "A Winter's Tale" has been produced at this establishment. No remarkable strength in the cast, no expensive adornments recommend the play to the special attention of the transatlantic public; and if this be taken as a test of the probable attraction of a series of Shaksperian revivals more completely illustrated, the lessees may derive therefrom the warmest encouragement. Mr. James Anderson, who made his metropolitan debut in this play when Mr. Macready twenty-six years ago commenced with it his memorable management of Covent Garden, has now advanced from the trusting lover Florizel to the jealous husband Leontes, his interpretation of the part closely following that of the popular tragedian with whom he was early associated. To his powerful voice and thorough knowledge of the resources of his art, Mr. James Anderson may safely trust for awaying the sympathies of his audience; and when he depicts the growing doubt of the Queen's fidelity, and gives expression to the vehement passion that follows the fancied proof of her frailty, their repeated acclamations show that he has completely realised their notion of how the Sicilian King would behave under such circumstances. In the last act, where Leontes, after gazing as if spell-bound on the supposed statue, clasps the living Hermione in his arms, the outburst of affection exhibited with so much warmth of emotion rouses a strong sympathetic feeling through the house, and rivals in intensity the thrill that previously accompanies the sudden movement of the head of the figure. Miss G. Pauncefort secures, as Hermione, the feelings of the audience; Miss Gordon, an American lady, as Paulina, proves herself an intelligent actress, with a good voice; and Miss E. Webster looks a charming Perdita. Florizel is rendered by Mr. J. Fernandez. The simple drollery of the old shepherd and his son is adequately expressed by Mr. Hummerston and Mr. Russell; but Mr. T. Thorne, in other

respects a good low-comedian, has hardly realised the humour of that arch rogue Autolycus. Whilst Mr. James Anderson during the earlier part of the evening is thus cultivating the Shaksperian tastes of the Surrey community, Mr. Shepherd makes use of the latter portion to keep alive their faith in the creed taught by Dibdin; and as Tom True, a Chelsea waterman, he then displays an amount of sentiment and bravery which has never been exceeded by any stage tar. Even though the latter came embued with all the saline elements of popularity derived from the sea, it may be doubted whether the champion of the Thames would not prove a formidable rival in public favour.

STANDARD.—Mr. Creswick's engagement has come to a close. He took his benefit on Tuesday, on which occasion he sustained the characters of Ingomar, and Doctor Moncado, in the "Devil of Paris." The business has been good.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 111.—By H. E. KIDSON, Esq.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in two moves.

Game between Herron Moritz and Sauberlich.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Herr M. | Herr S. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. B to B 4 | 4. P to Kt 5 |
| 5. P to Q 4 (a) | 5. P takes Kt |
| 6. Q takes P | 6. Q to K 2 |
| 7. Q B takes P | 7. P to Q 3 |
| 8. B to K Kt 5 | 8. P to K B 3 |
| 9. Q to R 5 (ch) | 9. K to Q square |
| 10. Castles | 10. Q takes K P (b) |
| 11. R takes B P | 11. Kt takes R |
| 12. B takes Kt (ch) | 12. B to K 2 |
| 13. B takes B (ch) | 13. Q takes B |
| 14. Q Kt to B 3 | 14. Q Kt to B 3 (c) |
| 15. Kt to Q 5 | 15. Q to K Kt 2 |
| 16. P to Q B 3 (d) | 16. R to K B square |
| 17. Q to R 4 (ch) | 17. Kt to K 2 |
| 18. R to K square | 18. R to B 2 |
| 19. B to Q Kt 5 | 19. Q to K Kt 5 (e) |
| 20. R takes Kt | |

- (a) Castling is generally preferred at this juncture.
(b) This was not advisable. P takes B looks more to the purpose.
(c) He should have played P to Q B 3.
(d) Q to R 4 (ch) at once looks better. The move in the next is a sheer loss of time.
(e) Utterly overlooking the object of his opponent's last move.

B. F.—Your 24th move was very objectionable, as it enabled White to mature his attack. You should have brought the Queen's pieces into play.

A LEARNER.—1. At move 9th of White, modern authorities prefer taking Pawn with Pawn. 2. Your problem shall be examined.

W. GORRIS (Brighton).—We feel gratified at the interest which you exhibit in our Chess column. Will you be so good as to reconsider your solution of Problem 135? You appear to have misdescribed the situations of some of the pieces.

W. PIERCE.—We do not see that Black had any other mode of play than that adopted in the end game forwarded by you. 8. P to Kt 7 would have given White the victory.

G. MOXON.—Can White mate in four moves, if Black play 2. R to K 8? Possibly you can remedy this defect; if so, the Problem shall appear.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 134.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Kt to B 6 (ch) | 1. Kt takes Kt |
| 2. R to K 4 (ch) | 2. R takes R |
| 3. Kt mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 135.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 1. Q to Q B 8 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Q Kt to R mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 136.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to K Kt 6 (ch) | 1. K to Q 4 |
| 2. Q to Q B 4 | 2. K takes Q |
| 3. B mates | |

✠ NEMO is desirous of playing a game of Chess with any amateur of moderate strength. Address, "Care of the Editor."

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—The other morning a number of prisoners were being conveyed by railway from Wakefield for trial at Leeds, when one of them effected his escape from custody while the train was in motion. The prisoner's name is Frederick Robertson, and he was charged with stealing a gold watch from Mr. W. Hartley, at the Halifax Cattle Show, on the 29th of August last. It seems it is the custom to link together prisoners travelling by railway. In some dexterous manner the prisoner avoided having his hands properly secured when those of the other prisoners were fastened, but maintained a becoming appearance until the train reached the Ardsley tunnel. He then threatened his fellow-prisoners with violence if they raised an alarm, lowered the window of the carriage door (the door itself was locked), crept through, stood on the foot-board until the train came into partial daylight, and before it emerged from the tunnel, jumped to the ground and made off. On the tunnel being searched for him shortly afterwards nothing was seen of him but his hat.

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XLVI. (CONTINUED.)

"He is here," said Gilbert.
Again the Squire, this time in a whisper, said he should kill him—he knew he should kill him!
Here Gilbert turned to Lemmings—"Leave him to me," he said.
"He stole my life!" said the Squire; "and my poor Sweetheart Nan he worse than killed! Ah shall not be able to save myself if ah see him. Ah feel ah moost have blood!"
"Be calm," said Dorton; "you are his judge, and your anger is unjust! Hear him."
"Calm!—she is not thy child, lad, or thee wouldst not be calm!"

"I am in as much pain as you, father," said Dorton; "but I am patient."
"Thee as much pained as I be?"
"Yes," said the Doctor; "he is but your enemy,—he is my rival!"

Then Ellen uttered a quick and almost watchful cry.
"I did not speak for vengeance sake," she said; "but for that of justice!"
"He is here?" reiterated Gilbert.

Womanlike, Ellen said, "No," and placed her hand upon the door.

Then she opened it and fled.
The two men followed her, not quickly. They were too earnest, both of them, to move quickly.

"Lord Penton!" cried Ellen, as she opened the door of the room in which the nobleman was fretfully waiting, and thereby informing the two men who was the supposed criminal, even before they saw him,—"Lord Penton, you are in danger; leap from the window!"

This the nobleman could easily have done, for it was open, and he was near it; but, if guilty, he was very fearless, or had no perception of what was about to happen.

"My dear Nelly," he said, "it's a way of leaving a house to which I am not accustomed!"

As he spoke, the two men, who were now hunting him down, stood in the room.

Between them and him was Ellen Villiers, and she breast both.

"What does all this mean?" asked Penton, once more.
"It means thee art found out!" said Lemmings.
As for Dorton, never a word said he.

"Lord Penton," said Ellen, speaking to the nobleman, but keeping her eyes fixed on the other two—"Lord Penton, I told you to come here to Oaklands, do you know why?"

"I came here to know, Miss Villiers!"

"It was to tell you that I cannot be your wife!"

The lord started; but men moving in the world are not in the habit of showing their passions before audiences. He may have turned very pale. But that was all.

"Why?" he asked.
"You offered," replied Ellen, still keeping her shielding eyes upon the Squire and the Doctor—"you offered me this marriage as a reparation, and that reparation is not due to me."

"Since you have told those men that I offered you marriage as a reparation, I am not ashamed to own that such was the case. Nor am I ashamed to own that, whatever has happened, I love you very dearly, Ellen Villiers."

Meanwhile, a kind of stupidity had overspread the faces of the two men.

"What be the reparation for?" asked Lemmings.
"I don't see," said Lord Penton, "that you have any particle of a right to question me, Mr. Lemmings. I suppose this affair is nothing to do with you; and I'm willing to be shot if you can show that I understand how it is Miss Villiers has mixed you up in our affairs, which it seems to me belong wholly to ourselves."

"I'll question thee, lord as thee be, as much as I like," said the Squire.

And he took no notice of the warning hand Dorton laid on his shoulder.

"May be, Mr. Lemmings; but I doubt if I shall answer."

Ellen looked quickly from the nobleman to the other two, and then said, rapidly, "Lord Penton, you promised to tell me what was the nature of the reparation you desired to make me. I ask you to speak before these gentlemen."

"It is no concern of theirs," said Lord Penton.

"Imagine that it is," said Ellen.

"Very well; since you ask me to speak, though I do not see the least necessity for anything of the kind, I will. Lady Penton, when dying, gave you a letter. That letter you handed to me upon the very night of that bet, which, I admit, was too bad by a very long way. That letter told me I ought to divide the fortune I received from my mother with you, for that by natural right to you it belonged, for you were the daughter of the man who should have had that money, which made my mother rich. But I'd spent my mother's fortune before I received it. So I held my tongue, and I only spoke when I became once more worth the hearing by the death of an uncle. This was the reparation I had to make, and I made it, Miss Villiers, by asking you to be my wife."

Ellen shook her head slowly.

"You are afraid to speak, Lord Penton. It is not to restore me a fortune that you would marry me. I have no need to blush, and I will speak out. After that cruel bet in which I was involved, I gave you two men each an appointment."

Here she looked, first at Penton, and then at Dorton.

"You, Lord Penton, at night-time, and you, Dr. Dorton, on the following morning."

She stopped a moment, and then she continued, "You, Lord Penton, would have found me dead, and you, Dr. Dorton, would have come to tell them the cause of my death."

Still a pause, and she added, "You had so broken me down by your contempt, Lord Penton, that I had resolved not to live; and when, Lord Penton, you came to your appointment, you did not find me dead, but a poor girl whose will was powerless, for she was insensible."

Here there was a cry of agony, not uttered by Lord Penton, but by Dr. Gilbert Dorton.

"Ellen," he said, "who was she?"

"SWEETHEART NAN!" said Ellen.

Dorton reeled like a drunken man, and shut out the daylight with his hands.

And this was the way in which Ellen Villiers's honesty brought the truth about.

You see the simplicity of the accident, do you not?

On the night first mentioned in this tale, Ellen Villiers had given an appointment to both the nobleman and the physician. It will be remembered that the nobleman ridiculed the Doctor upon the production of his appointment for the morrow by the exhibition of his appointment for eleven that night at Ellen's lodging.

It will also be remembered that Mr. Booley, creeping to the quietest part of the premises after the double explosion of fire-arms, heard it strike eleven.

Now, it is very clear as Lord Penton was severely wounded in the arm before eleven, that he could not keep his appointment with Ellen at that hour.

In the meantime, it will be remembered that Ellen, having left her lodgings in the summer-like outhouse at Oaklands, her chamber

had been occupied by Sweetheart Nan, who almost immediately after she was left to herself, waiting for Ellen Villiers, was seized with one of those fits of insensibility from which she had suffered for some little time.

Now, if Dorton, knowing of Lord Penton's appointment, took his place after the duel, and if Sweetheart Nan was the insensible tenant of Ellen's lodgings, it can readily be understood why Dorton reeled and put out the light, when Ellen appealed, as she thought, to Lord Penton's better nature, and while so doing made the truth evident to Mr. Dorton.

But if any reader is so obtuse as not to arrive at the obvious conclusion to which these facts point, we must narrate to him (for assuredly the obtuse reader in question must be a man) the merest fragment of a scene which, almost immediately after Dorton had reeled and shut out the light, took place between him and Sweetheart Nan.

Reaching her room, he fell on his knees before her bed, and all he said was, "FORGIVE—FORGIVE!"

CHAPTER THE LAST.

PACKING UP.

WHEN, two months after that time, Mrs. Solomons welcomed back her lady, Mrs. Dorton, to Oaklands, she wondered why she wore black.

The fact is, their poor little child, which had been hidden up in the north of England, was dead.

And I, for one, am not inclined to deplore the departure of that little guileless creature, who caused so much pain. I have a belief, seeing so many little children die, that, not living, in death they serve the purpose of bringing the hearts of the parents to beat in unison. Only those who have known death intimately learn what love is; only those who have stooped over little biers seek to make their lives better than they have been. So I, for one, do not grieve that the little one died. Loved, as it assuredly would have been, its life would have been a perpetual reproach, while in its death it was a grave, grand blessing.

Is Sweetheart Nan happy? Very happy—though she does not laugh over much. But it is a mistake to suppose that in laughter and merriment is happiness. It is just possible that most true happiness is found in gravity.

But I can assure you of this, that Sweetheart Nan and the Doctor are very much liked at Oaklands, and that all the parish, and numbers of people beyond its boundaries, maintain that both do their duty. She is the Lady Dorcas of the neighbourhood; and, as for the Doctor, he continues his profession without making out one bill for attendance on the poor; in fact, he loses by them, for, having bought out the Oaklands surgeon, he has to give medicine as well as advice to the poor people about him. As to his rich customers, why, I believe their bills are specially devoted to giving the small tenants on the estate something like home to live in.

I am bound to say Lord Penton and Dr. Dorton no more "hit it" than they ever did.

Nan and Ellen often see each other.

And now, what more is there to say? As Mr. Solomons would say, "A still pen when there's nothing more to write about, shows a wise inkstand." A remark, I have no doubt, Mrs. Solomons (who was married in a maroon poplin, with yellow cross-bars) would reply, "Which more truthful it could not be said."

When the ship is in port she is paid off. So when a tale is brought into harbour, there is an end of it.

May be the reader thinks it has ended abruptly. But he must remember that the narrative turned upon an incident. That incident set right, my work is done.

And so, as it must ever be, good-bye!

THE END.

GOOD NIGHT!

Good night, dear Love! good night,
The languid flow'rs their leaves are closing,
The Bee is from her toil reposing—
Good night, dear Love! good night.

Though starry skies are bright,
Yet chilly dews are 'neath them weeping,
Each little blade their pearls are steeping,
Good night, dear Love, good night.

Yon orb, whose liquid light
The massy trees were deeply drinking,
Fast from the dark blue heaven is sinking;
Good night, dear Love! good night.

Soon will it leave us quiet,
Yet that shall cause our hearts no sorrow—
'Twill rise (like Hope) for us to-morrow,
Good night, dear Love! good night.

And though from my fond sight,
Thou, like yon gentle moon must vanish,
'We part to meet again,' shall banish
My sighs, dear Love! good night.

Sweet dreams and slumbers light,
On angels' wings around thee hover,
Bless in thy prayers thy absent Lover—
Good night, dear Love! good night.

THOUGHT OF THE THINKER.—If we could only know what a whirlwind there is in mind, and how often and how swiftly it is—not only worlds, but whole systems of universes that revolve within it in cloudy outline! I only wonder that I have kept my senses so far.—*Empson.*

MILES OF SHELVES.—The length of the shelves in the new portion of the British Museum is eight miles, those in the library of Munich fifteen miles, and those of the King's Library in Paris twenty miles. The first contains 250,000 volumes, the second 500,000 and third 650,000.

A TRAVELLER, calling one chilly morning in November at a little inn, known by the sign of the Bee-hive, the landlord of which was very tenacious of the character of his own home-brewed ale, after sipping the beverage, begged to have it warmed. "What! warm my ale?" exclaims Boniface; "curse that stomach that won't warm the ale, say I." "And," cries the traveller, "curse that ale that won't warm the stomach, say I."

Varieties.

LOSERS are sure to rail; and railers are sure to lose.

SAVING.—A good layer up makes a good layer out; and a good sparer makes a good spender. No alchemy is like saving.

It is good to be often alone, yet on the other hand, do not shun society. You live for the purpose of being amongst men.

PROMISE little, particularly in small matters, but keep your promises in spite of all hindrances. Do not place reliance on the promises of those you do not know well.

A LONG YARN.—One pound of cotton, which formerly could only be spun into a thread of 108 yards long, can now, by the application of steam, produce a thread of 197 miles in length.

ALDERMEN.—The office of alderman was in existence as long ago as the Saxon Heptarchy, and was then considered equal to the rank of nobility. As it was purchasable, however, feuds frequently arose, which brought about the mode of election as it now exists, and which first came into operation in 1402.

TARTAR ON THE TEETH.—M. La Baume ascertained that washing the teeth with vinegar and a brush will in a few days remove the tartar, thus obviating the necessity for filing or scraping them, which so often injures the enamel. He recommends the use of powdered charcoal and tincture of rhubarb afterwards, which effectually, in his opinion, prevents its formation.—*Medical Times.*

THE POWERS OF TRANSLATION.—A Welsh curate, having preached several sermons which were considered superior to his powers of composition, was asked by a friend how he managed? "I have got a volume of sermons," replied the curate, "written by one Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate some of the sermons into Welsh, and then back again into English, and after that the deed—I myself wouldn't know them again."

MUSICAL PROPENSITIES OF THE GERMANS.—One of the peculiarities of the German people is their great sensibility to vocal harmony. If you hear a party of country girls singing in a vineyard, or a company of conscripts going to drill, you are sure to hear them singing in parts. One girl begins an air, another drops in at the end of a bar or two with an accompaniment, and not in an uncertain wavering manner, but decided and true; a third follows, and so on, and you will hardly hear these under-parts sung twice alike, even by the same singer. An attentive ear will detect many spontaneous and probably unconscious variations in the successive stanzas of the same song.—*Dr. Rimbault.*

DEATH-BED OF HUMAN GREED.—Clement V, during his feeble and profligate reign, amassed enormous riches by the sale of ecclesiastical benefices, and by other scandalous means. He had enriched his relations and dependants, but he had not secured their gratitude. The moment that his death was announced in the papal palace, all its inmates rushed upon his treasures as if they had been their lawful booty. Amongst his numerous household, not a single servant remained to watch the dead body of their master. The wax candles that lighted his bed of state fell upon the bedclothes, and set them on fire. The flames spread over the whole apartment; but the palace and wardrobe were so plundered, that only a miserable cloth could be found to cover the half-burnt remains of one of the richest popes who had ever governed the Church.—*Campe's Petrarch.*

ODD FELLOWS.—The origin of the order of Odd Fellows is of antique date. It was first established by the Roman soldiers in camp, after the order of the Israelites, during the reign of Nero, the Roman Emperor, who commenced his reign A.D. 55, at which time they were called fellow citizens. The name of Odd Fellow was given to this order of men A.D. 79, by Titus Caesar, Emperor of Rome, from the singularity of notions, and from their knowing each other by night as well as by day; and for their fidelity to him and their country, he not only gave them the name of Odd Fellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, having the following emblems, namely:—The royal arch of Titus Caesar, the ark of the covenant, the golden candlesticks, the golden table (weighing one great talent). The sun for N.G., the moon and stars V.G., a lamb for secreta, the lion for guardian, the dove for warden, and the emblem of mortality for the G.M.—*Odd Fellows' Magazine.*

A LEGEND OF THE COSSACKS.—A powerful Polish grandee, Staroste, and governor of Kaniof, who was residing in that town on the banks of the Dnieper, had a favourite Cossack, known by his valour and strength, called Nebabo, who fell in love with a beautiful Ukrainian girl, Oriika, strongly attached to him, and courted at the same time by the governor, whose advances she rejected. The marriage, however, between the two lovers did not take place, though the day for the nuptial ceremony was settled. The governor of Kaniof, having been informed of the intended marriage, summoned the girl Oriika and her brother before him, and peremptorily ordered the former either immediately to become his wife, or to be the eye-witness of her brother's death on the gibbet for an imaginary crime. Oriika saved her brother, and married the governor. Nebabo, in despair, joined the bands of Gonta's Cossacks, and came with them at midnight to sack the castle, and to kill its inhabitants, but was prevented in his project by Schwatcka. Oriika, when the governor was sleeping on his splendid couch, cautiously took a sharp knife, and plunged it in the heart of her husband. When the gates of the castle were broken by the Cossacks, and when they entered with lighted torches, in quest of the governor, Oriika, out of her senses, in her night-dress, and with a knife stained with warm blood in one hand, and a lamp in the other, with a sneering smile, talked of her vengeance, and killed herself. Soon afterwards, however, Nebabo was wounded, and died in the arms of another girl whom he had previously seduced.—*Krasinski.*

Wit and Wisdom.

A MAN who lived much in society said that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that the pulpit would hold his friends.

PUNNING BY DEGREES.—Miss Edgeworth, hearing a lady say, "I cannot sing, positively," replied, "True, we all know you can sing superlatively."

AN ark is now being built by a man out West, in anticipation of the next flood—of tears shed by his wife, when he refuses to take her to the opera. He thinks he can weather the storm.

A SLEEPY DEACON.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had slept all service time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, Brother A? Why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the parson."

A POLITE "HELLO."—A lady hired a Western country girl for a family "help," and was surprised to see her poke her head into the parlour one afternoon when visitors were present, and ask, "Marm, did you call just now? I thought I heard a yell."

WHO WANTS AN HEIR?—An advertisement lately appeared in the *Herald*, addressed by a lady to "opulent persons having no heirs;" offering "a fine youth with a precocious mind, of amiable temper and disposition, and who excites the interest of all who know him."

A GENTLEMAN, having a remarkably long visage, lately passing a turnpike-gate, overheard one lad say to another, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck with the singularity of the rude observation, he turned and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I read at school that man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length."

A MODEL SERVANT.—A young woman, who had recently entered the domestic service of a respectable American family at New York, complained that her mistress gave her all the dirty work to do, whilst she played the lady. Another, on her mistress entertaining a party of friends to dinner, said, "Oh, you are going to have company, so I'll have my supper and go to bed out of the bustle."

MR. WILLIAM RAMSAY, a very profound philosopher of the last century, asserts that "the absence of the sun is not the cause of night; forasmuch as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day; but there are tenebrious and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth, as the sun does light."

A DEBT OF HONOUR.—In Mr. Fox's frolicsome days, a tradesman, who held his bill for two hundred pounds, called for payment. Charles said he could not then pay him. "How can that be?" said the creditor; "you have just now lying before you bank-notes to a large amount." "These," replied Mr. Fox, "are for paying debts of honour." The tradesman immediately threw his bill into the fire. "Now, sir," said he, "mine is a debt of honour which I can't oblige you to pay." Charles immediately paid.

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* Open daily, from ten till tea, for Gentlemen only.

FUNERALS.—A small brochure, recently published by the Necropolis Company upon the subject of interments, is well deserving perusal by all persons upon whom circumstances may have devolved the duty of making provision for the burial of the dead. It also explains their much approved and economical new system of conducting funerals. It may be had, or will be sent by post, on application at the Company's Office, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand; 60, Sloane-street & Kennington-green; 1, Union-place, New Kent-road; 20, New-castle-street, Strand, and the Station, Westminster-road.

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A GENTLEMAN having been cured of the results of youthful error and nervous disorders, will, from motives of benevolence, send a copy of the prescription used on the receipt of two stamps. Address: S. D., Reg. 36, Holywell-street, Strand, London.

MATRIMONY.—A Young Man, highly respected in society, who has an income of three hundred per annum, and no near relatives, wishes to correspond with an amiable young lady of high respectability, with a view to matrimony. Photographs required but will be returned, except the one who shall be selected for correspondent. Address, in confidence, M. S., Queenstown, Ireland.

MATRIMONY.—A Young Gentleman, of promising appearance, twenty-five years of age, with a good education, honorable, but poor, and owner of a warm, generous heart, desires to open a correspondence with a young lady of pleasing address, good family, and some little fortune with a view to marriage. Reply in good faith. Cartes de visites exchanged if agreeable. Address, Post Office, St. Heliers Jersey.

MATRIMONY.—A Young Gentleman of literary acquirements, twenty years of age, wishes for a lady correspondent from seventeen to twenty years of age, and who is refined and good-looking. Exchange of photographs solicited. Address, JOHN H. R., Poste R-vente, Calais.

MATRIMONY.—An Irish soldier, in the Army of the Potomac, is desirous of meeting a correspondent with some young Irish lady of sixteen to twenty-four years old, with a view to matrimony at the expiration of his term of service, which will expire in about a year. Money no object as he is possessed of a small competence sufficient for all the necessities, with some of the luxuries of life. His age is twenty-four. Photographs desired and one sent in exchange. Address: E. L. Ryan, Co. E, 2nd New York Artillery, Washington, D.C.

MATRIMONY.—To HARRIET B.—A gentleman, thirty-one years of age, considered to be a good-looking man, of an excellent family (being the third son of a Baronet) and possessing a moderate income, responds to the advertisement of HARRIET B. He is a member of one of the best West-End Clubs, and moves in the first circles. At present, and for the next fortnight, a letter will reach him at the Post-Resort, Brussels addressed to ALEXANDER C.

MATRIMONY.—Persons of either sex (age, position, or appearance immaterial), desirous of marrying may have their wishes speedily complied with by sending stamped directed envelope to the undersigned, who will forward particulars of a secret, by the possession of which any one can win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as he may desire. Address, Mr. Vincent Grey, 59, Wilson-street, St. Pancras, London.

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